

**VOL. X. No. 24. PRICE 5 CENTS.**

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE

**SALVATION**

**ARMY IN**

AND

## NEWFOUNDLAND.





**THE COMMANDANT**  
Writes a thrilling page  
for the **EASTER WAR CRY.**

**MRS. BOOTH**  
Promises to Write and Music  
a New Song for the  
**EASTER SPECIAL.**

## THE DEVIL ON TRIAL IN CHICAGO.

BY RANDOLPH RUTEN BROWN.

(From the New York "Cry.")

For some weeks past Attorney Winchell has been announcing that the devil was to be tried by judge and jury, on the charge of robbery and murder. The trial had been well advertised, and at the time for opening the court, the Princess rink was packed, despite the very wet night that it was. Much interest was taken in this great case, as was shown by the eagerness of the people to turn out in the rain.

No doubt many War Cry readers will be interested in the verdict of the jury, so this report is for the benefit of those who were unable to be present.

The Salvation Army Court room,  
515 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The Salvation Army vs. the Devil, alias the Serpent, alias Satan, alias Science, so called.

Before Judge Dr. Beebe, and a jury.

### Appearances.

For plaintiff, W. W. Winchell, Esq.; for defendant, John Johnson, Esq.

After the Princess band had delivered a few selections, as they only can do, the court was opened by Clerk Voeberg, with the usual, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, etc."

Just previous to this, Attorney Winchell in a few words, asked God's blessing to rest upon the trial, and that the jury might render a fair and impartial verdict. The jury being composed of twelve honest men, of course everyone expected they would.

To start with, Attorney Johnson objected to the case proceeding, on the grounds that the defendant was not present, and he moved for a postponement of the case.

Attorney Winchell held that the defendant was present, and as proof of this statement, he introduced from the Bible a few such passages as Job ii. 1: "And Satan came also," etc. This caused a second objection from Mr. Johnson, who seemed to be ever alert to gain a point for his client, upon the Bible being used as evidence in this case.

Mr. Winchell said that as all the true moral and political laws of the universe were based on this Book it should be admitted as evidence. After some wrangling between the lawyers, the Court announced its decision to allow the Bible to be used as evidence.

The Court then asked if the defendant was present in the court room, and there being no response, he asked further if he was represented by counsel. A meek "Yes!" from Attorney Johnson, and the Court ordered the case to proceed.

Attorney Winchell, in enumerating his charge, said that he intended to prove the devil to be a robber and murderer, and that all wrong came from him. He went about the world in the shape of infidelity and "Higher Critics," and robbed people of right logic, of peace, joy, manhood, and all happiness.

His charge took ten minutes, the full space of time allotted to each witness or attorney. He went on to say also that he would prove that the devil brought people down to earth, and that he was the author of physical strength and power of intellect, and also brought in several passages of Scripture to uphold his arguments, some of which can be found in the following passages: Rev. xii. 9, Gen. iii. 1.

Mr. M. Zillensky, the first witness for the prosecution, told that he was born in New York and raised in California. He had been intimately acquainted with the devil, to his own sorrow, for about a year and a half. He testified that the devil had caused him to rob till, and he had served three months for this degradation.

The witness seemed to be a very earnest young man, and the attorney had some difficulty in keeping him from doing all the talking.

Attorney Johnson, in the cross-examina-

tion, failed to score any point. Some of the questions and answers were as follows:

Q. You claim to be an intelligent young man?

A. Amen! I do.

Q. You have said to this judge and jury that you were convicted of burglary?

A. Amen! I was.

Q. You are sure that you have got over this habit?

A. I have, thank God!

Q. Now, then, Mr. Zillensky, you declare before this judge and jury that it was the devil caused you to commit this crime?

A. I do.

Next on the stand was Alfred James Brock. He had on the witness of a cable car conductor, and said he was born in Hoboken, Tennessee, Australia. Claimed intimate acquaintance with the devil, and blamed that party for causing his loss of contentment, peace, and happiness, through leading a fast life in Paris, France. He had listened to a lecture on "Theosophy" by a lady in England (Mrs. Benson), and got to be a believer in this doctrine himself. When leaving home, his mother told him to call on the Lord for help when in trouble, and about three months ago, just as he had picked up a gun to shoot himself, these words of his mother came to him, and he went to a religious meeting, led by Mr. Moody, and there got converted, and since then his happiness and joy has known no bounds. He blamed the devil, as an angel of light, for robbing him of this joy and peace for all these years.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson:

Q. Now, then, Mr. Brock, where you were born in Australia is a very wild country?

A. He lived with me three days in the Washington Home, a few doors from here; I saw him there.

Q. Will you please tell what he looked like?

A. He had a tail, he had horns, and had fire coming out of his mouth and his eyes, and he was coming right for me with a pitchfork. I was afraid of him, and got under the bed; he followed, and I got the worst of the battle, for I was put in steps over it.

At this point in the trial Mr. Johnson demanded that the Court place some responsible man in charge of the jury, as he had been informed that someone had been passing notes up to some of the jurors.

His Honor asked if any of the jury had received bribes, which was answered in the negative by each juror.

A bailiffman in uniform went to take charge of the jury, but because of the defendant again objected, inasmuch as The Salvation Army was a party in the trial, and therefore one of its members should not be in that position. This point was soon settled by our good friend and brother Mr. A. S. Livermore taking the place of the bailiffman, and the trial was resumed.

Cross examination by Mr. Johnson: Q. What age were you when you left the city of London?

A. Fourteen years of age.

Q. Will you please state to this judge and jury at what age you first made the acquaintance of this defendant?

A. Fourteen years.

Q. You were a pretty good little boy up till this time?

**COMMANDANT  
AND MRS.  
BOOTH  
Y. W. C. A. Hall,  
Elm Street,  
Friday Evenings  
IN MARCH.  
7.45.**

A. I don't know; I was too young to say.

(Laughter.)

Q. How do you know it was the devil led you in this life of sin?

A. It was the devil through this woman.

Q. Then you are sure that it was the devil caused all this devilishness in your life?

A. I am.

James Gorman testifies; direct examination by Mr. Winchell.

Q. How old are you?

A. Thirty-four years.

Q. Where were you born?

A. London, England.

Q. Are you acquainted with the devil?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long have you been acquainted with him?

A. About twenty-one years.

Q. Do you know that the devil is a robber?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he ever rob you?

A. Yes; he robbed me of the joys of my home, clothes, peace and happiness, and other things that should have been mine.

Q. Did he ever rob you of money? Objected to by Mr. Johnson, who said attorney for prosecution was leading every witness who took the stand.

The Court: Objection sustained.

Q. Has the devil robbed you in more than one case?

A. Several cases.

Q. What was the result?

A. I was a drunkard for twenty years in the city of Chicago.

Q. Then you could testify that the devil lives in Chicago?

A. Yes.

Q. You were a little angel without wings then, Mr. Witness?

Attorney Winchell objected to this sort of question, as it was trifling with the witness.

Objection over-ruled by the Court.

Q. Whether or not, did you ever learn to steal before the age of fourteen?

A. Never.

Q. Will you please tell me what part of the city of London you were born and brought up in?

A. St. George's.

Q. Isn't it a fact, Mr. Gorman, that you were acquainted with all the pugilists and brags in your neighborhood when you were young?

A. Yes.

Q. Will you please state the names of some of these men whom you were associated with when young?

A. "Shorty," "Shanks," the "Worcestershire Wonder," and "Chutney Sauce Charley."

Q. How did you get acquainted with these men?

A. I was a bar boy and there got acquainted with the pugilists.

[To be continued.]

## EASTER CHIMES

- From the General and his Family
- comprises a Song from each
- person indicated.

## A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A writer in a Cleveland newspaper tells the following anecdote of a true nobleman: — "A slender, white-whiskered, brave-eyed man sat near the fare-box in the upper end of an F Street car this afternoon. He was chatting to a lady at his side, and his black eyes sparkled, and a most winning smile beamed over his weather-beaten face as the conversation went on. The car stopped, and I was surprised to see him jump to his feet, and walk rapidly to the door. As my eyes followed him they rested upon a little fair-faced

Hunchback on Crutches,

who was trying to get into the car. She had the face of a child and the body of a mature woman, but that body contorted and twisted and dwarfed out of all human proportion. I saw this slender, gray-whiskered, brown-faced, dark-eyed man bend over her to ask her where she wanted to go. She told him, and her face lighted as he assured her that this car was the right one. Then, addressing her with as much courtesy as though she had been the President's new bride, he asked her if he might not help her into the car. She thanked him, and putting his hands under her arms, he lifted her up the steps, and placed her crutches beside her. He tipped his hat and then resumed his seat and conversation. This old gentleman was General Joe Johnston, the great Confederate leader. Seventy-nine years old, he was double the age of any man in the car. His eyes were the first to see the trouble of the little hunchback, and his iron muscles were the first to come to her assistance. He did this kindness as though it were nothing, and as I saw the unassuming way in which he bore himself, I could not help thinking of the old verse:

"The tenderest are the bravest, and the loving are the daring."

## An Answered Prayer.

BY MARIA SIMPSON

(Recently enrolled in the "Home for Incubables.")

The following poem was written under great excitement, caused by burning indignation against those infidels, and semi-infidels, who were attacking the piety of our Lord. This prayer of January, 1899, is answered now. Little did I think, when those lines were written, that God had a place for me in the Salvation Army. What a mercy that the Holy Ghost can teach His willing scholars, no matter how dull they may be; and I was awfully dull. I thank Christ Jesus, our Lord, with all my heart, that He has enrolled me, as a soldier in His glorious Salvation Army, by His most loving child, our leader, Mrs. Herbert Booth.

### THE PRAYER (January, 1899).

Oh, Son of God, going forth to war,  
Thy enemies gather, both high and low;  
Thou send Thy hosts, Thy mighty army,  
Thy very Godhead, no powers to me.  
Thou send us to battle, Thou furnish and lead,  
Thy wonderful, please let me go on;  
Oh, Captain, dear, let me go with Thee,  
And with Thee joy of Thy victory!

The enemy's cause is a hope forlorn,  
For with all heaven will I lead them to doom;  
Thou art God of God, Thou art Light of Light,  
Thou Father of angels and glory bright;  
He will fight for Thee, His only Son,  
And the victory is sure as already won;  
Oh, Jesus, my God, let me go with Thee,  
And share in Thy coming victory.

Amen.

### THE ANSWER (February, 1894).

Oh, Jesus, my Captain, Thou hearst my prayer,  
And hasten, O my God, Thy victory to share;  
Thy Salvation Army, so true and so brave,  
Constantly witnesses, O Jesus, can save;  
Can save to the uttermost, all high and low;  
Change sinners to saints, if to Him they will go.  
A place in that Army is waiting for me,  
By Thy grace, O Jesus, O glorious, so true,  
Thy Salvation Army till death I will be.  
Join, my Captain, accept my vow,  
And crown with Thy blessing here and now.

Amen.

**COME  
TO THE  
Y. W. C. A.  
HALL,  
Elm Street,  
Friday Night**



For long had conscience, cried, *depraved*  
The true God's will, and Christ's great name  
refused, had not been hidden truth, as  
no man in that land of heathen night  
But light once given had turned to darkness  
man, making darkness greater. And  
his soul had chosen evil, blinded by  
giving chase

But because for thought, and even  
the weight of condemnations, that  
burden ever carried by the guilty, was  
most forget. So evil had been the  
with spirit, and no successful had  
heartless fled, the monarch of lust  
become. But, here, in that lone cell, with  
naught to look upon, save that thorn-dike  
face, that face displaying moral tale

how could he help but think, and see, and feel?

At first resistance rose, and to the uttermost of his chain's cruel length, would he remove himself from that reproachful gaze, fixing his eye on turret ceiling, or on earthen floor. But just so surely would his eye rove back again, and though not wanting, yet he ever saw, by night, even as by day, that one apparition, yes, which had led him, as though with living voice, to rise and put all his arm, and make his peace with God and heaven.

At length his heart was broken, and kneeling in the twilight silence of his last day of agony, he turned in weeping wonder to that face, and let his eyes look from upon it, till all his soul in melting love was lifted from the poor, imperfect image, to the Christ Whom death-deeds had been for him impainted there.

And in contrition deep, and penitence sincere, his heart received, with oh, what God-given strength, that life, if spared till freedom might again be granted him, should be a potent, ceaseless following of Jesus—a glorying in His cross—a filling up the measure of His sufferings for souls of men!

And from that night a morn of gladsome rose, a daybreak, whose sun defied the gloom of dungeon darkness and showed all shadow of sin-sorrow right away. Soon after this came unexpected tidings of his freedom, and through the open door he passed to the wide, unfettered earth, with limbs so whitened unto harvest and laborers so few.

But ere he left that prison spot, at first so dreared and now grown so dear, he passed before that love-impainted picture, learning by ecstasy from jailer-lips the story of his unknown comrade, to whom, by God's own grace, he owed the pardon of his soul and all the credit of his after-conquests.

And God was with him in Calvary-tenderness and Pentecostal power, and angels by hundreds turned to seek the Lord. The highest and the lowest, forgetting earth's distinctions, knelt at the never-ending and saved forgiveness. And comrades were formed of men who gave their all, not counting what they gave, for Christ, and His great kingdom, till thousands could be counted marching side by side to heaven.

And who can say, my God, whose work was whose, or whether he was greater who first followed Christ, or he who followed later—I say, save God!

And then my story ended, and I remembered that "I had been a story." So I turned to see if, for whose own sake I told it, had found the lesson in it that my heart had found when first it came from God to me. And I said, "Do you see?" and she answered, in tones that in some way reminded me of those last words she had said in days of long ago, when leaving for the field. "Yes, anywhere for Jesus!" And the light within her eyes answered me that she understood. That to love, through health and strength and circumstances all may change, yet still there is a way, a calling, sure, if we but seek it out, whereby we still may follow Him. And though it may not be the path our feet have planned to tread, yet following we still shall bring Him glory, and glory greater than we now can see.

"BROTHER, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, cryeth: and the cries of them which have reaped, which is of the care of the Lord of all."—James v. 4.

### "If I Could Only Understand."

Not joyous, Lord, the scourging seemed:  
The pruning knife cut deep,  
And hidden wounds were brought to light,  
While I could only weep;  
And while all seemed dark and drear, and  
Hope had fled away;  
The night had round me round me now,  
"Would never more be day—"  
Then Paines, gentle Paines, her arms  
around me threw,  
And whispered low, "Hold on, dear heart,  
thy Saviour still is true."

And then my tortured heart cried out, in  
and, degrading vain,  
"If I could only understand, perhaps I  
might rejoice."  
And Paines said, "Not joy in trial, but  
peace thy hours shall keep.  
If on the Lord thy mind is stayed." And  
I ceased to weep;  
And through the gloom a ray of light came  
flowing straight from God,  
And, looking up, I saw the Hand that held  
the thriving rod.

"Two shall not defraud thy neighbor,  
neither rob him: the wages of him that is  
false shall not abide: he that telleth lies  
shall be destroyed."—Leviticus xix, 11.

# Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT AND STAFF-CAPTAIN JEWEL WARING.

Ebenezer!

### Linger Street.

Nine miles in the fountain. A real time of Holy Ghost power. Our hearts are full of love, expecting great things in the afternoon meeting deepest conviction. These girls came to Christ. At night four young men and a man and his wife got liberty. Count at 11 o'clock, tired in body. Glory!—Sergeant Mrs. STEWART, E.C.

### Unbridge.

Since last report we have had some Holy Ghost times, and made in the fountain. We had Brigadier de Barritt and Staff-Captain Jewell with us on Saturday and Sunday. During these meetings we had five men and one woman. It does not seem to me such coming to the Lord.—M. LUTHER for Bridge Mills and Wren.

### Faversham.

If the first could in any way exert salutary influence in the way of the afternoon being still there is a lively crowd. Most of them are very young, not more, I think, than a year old (I mean spiritually). They are good, earnest and simple. In spite of the strong weather we are having great crowds in our meetings and find much to be said. I had been a professor for years and forward, confessed that he had grown cold in his soul, and promised God that henceforth he would give Him a whole-hearted service. We are expecting great things yet here. Shouts are getting quicker and God is working. A large number of sinners.—Lieutenant ALAN RICE.

### Shelbourne.

It is some time since our little corner has been reported. However, we are steadily gaining ground. On Wednesday, the District Officer, Ensign Macmillan, and Lieutenant White visited us, and although some were deeply convicted, yet they claimed that "want to fight" to do for the Lord. On Friday, Lieutenant Long arrived to help tell the old story. We are determined to do our best to bring the unconverted of this place to Christ.—JEWEL WARING, Captain.

### BARRE DISTRICT.

#### A Lively Blizzard.

Ensign Turner has just completed his first tour in his new District, and having had the privilege of accompanying him in the greater portion of it, at his request, I do the following.

My own corner, Barre, was the first on the list. I have often tried to picture to myself a meeting of this kind, but we have not yet had one. Only a few were held enough to show the storm, but we had a happy time, nevertheless.

QUEBEC was the next scene of battle. Two days were spent here. The writer was not present, but Ensign made things in good condition. Captain Heit and Lieutenant Bouchet in good spirits and busy riding the necessary duties, with which to make a new barracks an established fact. Captain Heit, on introducing his appeal for help has his heart cheered right off with a promise of \$2 from a gentleman present. The winter meeting was O.K. The building full and the presence of the Lord enjoyed. The night following, thirteen local officers were commissioned. Altogether, things look bright here.

Captain Macmillan, of Montreal, and a tongue and soldier meeting at St. William's. The drive there is a long one, and we had to stop at the house of a friend for dinner. In the time Wybridge was reached which, by-the-way, is an outpost from Midland. A well-organized soldier was well equipped. A month and quarter before. Ensign we had a good crowd. Lots of singing and testimony. Many turned up, but no more.

MIDLAND was the next on the list. Two days here. Being Mrs. Turner's home, and this being the Ensign's old home, a little interest was created. The weather was unfavorable; nevertheless, a good crowd turned out. But, alas! I saw the Lord. He had his rithms heard on the Ensign. Of course, the people were disappointed. However, we did not give up. The Ensign's old home was proclaimed in song and testimony. More than one felt their need of a Saviour, but no one yielded. The following night, although snowed, the Ensign was to the front, and although God's presence was realized, we were forced to close alone with.

Rene, who has lately come to help Captain Macmillan, is in great gloom over a revival amongst the children.

In closing let me say that Barre corner is by no means on its death-bed. A host of good people, both male and female, are at work, and have a victory. Thirteen sinners were commissioned by Ensign Macmillan the last night of his stay. Ensign and Mrs. Turner are at work with their new appointment.—Captain RICE, for Ensign TURNER.

### Lindsay.

DEAR EDITOR.—Just a card to let you know we had a victorious day yesterday. Innumerable in crowds—enthusiasm; and better still, night out for education at night, which makes righteous since last report.—HARVEY G. CHAPMAN, Lieutenant.

### Midland.

After six months' fighting, orders have come to go. I have just put in my last week-end, which, without exception, was the best I have seen while here. Sinners came out in the hundreds, and in the hallways wind-up their strength, four held up their hands, declaring their desire to be soldiers.—Captain F. McKEOWN.

### Hamilton II.

We have just had a splendid banquet, at which we had our new District Officer, and Captain, Lieutenants, and Cadets, from W. I.; also Captain from Oakville, and we had a most refreshing time. Good crowds, and lots to eat, and splendid attention. The District Officers led an old-time Salvation meeting, with choruses from the band boys unadvised in between. You could almost have heard a pin drop while the Captains from W. I., and the women, and made a most powerful appeal to men and women to leave sin, and come to the Saviour.—A. T. RICE, Special Correspondent.

### Rout.

NIAGARA.—Two cards on Sunday, after a long, hard fight. The devil was actively working. God has been simply rewarding us for all our work. Hallelujah!

## FRAGMENTS.

That which is not good is not of God's creation.

The best lives in all ages were lived above the realm of the legions of their day.

The secret of producing life is to have life.

Our relationship to God means victory over the world, the flesh and the devil.

The new creation is an absolute transformation and translation from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light.

Graves and crucifixion are like the dew drops on a spider's web, there is no support in them in the hour of trial.

### THE FASHING YEARS.

The more we live, more bold appears  
Our life's ascending steps;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing spears.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
No guinea yet discerns,  
Such lingering like a river smooth,  
Along its giddy bosom.

But on the narrow bank grows wean,  
The dew's deathly for thinker,  
You seem, that moment, like to death,  
Why seem you coming quicker?

When eyes have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is dead,  
Why, so we hear the bells of death,  
Feel we its tide more rapid?

In my life's change—but why would change  
Time's course to shiver spending,  
When one by one our friends have gone  
And left our homes bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indefatigable footmen;  
And those of youth, a coming length,  
Proportioned to their weakness.

## Letter From An Ex-Officer.

To the Editor of the "War Cry":

DEAR SIR,—I take this opportunity of telling you that the WAR CRY is a welcome weekly visitor to me. Although I am an ex-officer, I always feel a warm interest in the Army and its work. Many times I thank God for my two and a-half years' experience as an officer, because I got a thorough training in Bible doctrine, as well as in matters pertaining to success in any sphere of life. I consider the Calvary Army College one of the best training schools for young men and women in the world, and I would strongly advise any young man or woman over-charged with conceits of their own abilities, to try it for a term or two. But to return to the WAR CRY. How I do enjoy the "Commandant's 'Territorial Topics,'" and the reports of his old stirring, soul-saving campaigns! How anxiously I look for reports from old comrades, and old battlefields, and how rejoiced am I to know that many of them are still true to God and their colors!

I met a soldier on the train not long since; he was a gunnery and badge, which made him rather conspicuous among the well-dressed travellers. I began to question him on his objects for wearing the uniform (just to sound a bell), and although a poor, illiterate individual, he gave good logical reasons, basing them on hygienic principles. He also informed me that the Lord didn't want me to wear starched linen, and that I should never be right until I had red shirt on. To this last statement I did not need to object, but I was amazed with the arguments brought out by that poor fellow in defence of his much-loved uniform. God bless him, he loved the bridge that carried him over; and why should he not?

I am living a long distance from any corps, and am deprived of the privilege of attending any meetings, but still God is keeping me beautifully saved, and if not engaged directly in soul-winning, I am endeavoring to let my light shine in the cheerful room where God has seen fit to place me.

I first learned the secret of holiness in the Salvation Army, and, thank God, that secret is still with me. I rejoice to know that I am His and His is mine. I would also like to say, Mr. Editor, that I have a comfortable home in this, one of the most beautiful villages in the Province of Quebec, and I should be glad if any officer could spend a month or so with us this summer. Any officer weary in the fight, could find a splendid place both to recruit and spiritual force, and to what his or her spirit might be.

Wishing you every success in your new appointment, and praying God's richest blessing on the Salvation Army, I remain, your brother in Christ, CHARLES W. FORD, Principal of Academy, Massillon, Que.

## RESPONSIBILITY.

What is it? It is one of the most powerful of all the things that bind men and women in perfect slavery. It shall we prove this to you, dear reader? Carefully consider these questions: When the Spirit of God first came with you in the Salvation Army meetings, what hindered you from accepting that Spirit and complying with its requests? Did not your thoughts run something like this: I am not going forward in the Salvation Army; they are too low a lot for me; I do not want to be saved, it is true, but I shall go somewhere else where they are more respectable; I suppose you have had honestly enough in your heart to speak it out to the men or women of God who talked with you, but did it stop there? You say: No; day after day conviction deepened; I sought peace in a respectable way, but I found it not; but more heavy grew my burden, more and my heart, until I grew desperate, the chain of respectability binding me tighter and still tighter, until I cried in all the agony of my soul, "Lord, save me or I perish!" Then the first link of the respectable chain was broken, and you were ready to kneel at the Army post-form, and when Christ stepped in the love of your reputation and worldly honors were gone.

It was because Christ was humble that the Jews rejected Him, and what! but the fear of lowering the scale of your respectability in the eyes of your neighbours, caused you to reject Him, who lately converted you out without bringing her a helpful word, which, had you given her, perhaps might have helped her almost into the very arms of heaven. Oh, for the sake of the dying millions, open your eyes and awake to the terrible fact that respectability is a gateway to hell, while the broad road there is paved with it and hurrying its thousands into eternal destruction.

Mrs. A. FORTY, Dresden.

"For they knew not to do right, with the Lord, who show up violence and robbery in their palaces."—Amos iii, 10.



# THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

## JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE!

Brief Summary of Work done by the City Colony Branch of the Darkest England Scheme.

### WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

8,241,906 Meals (at 3d. to 4d. each) supplied to London's poorest.

1,902,181 Shirts provided for homeless men.

25,307 Unemployed registered at Labor Bazaar.

11,060 Situations—temporary and permanent, provided for workless men.

6,215 Out-of-work sent into our own "Elevator" workshops.

65 Ex-prisoners and convicts met at prison gates and helped.

### WHAT WE ARE DOING EVERY DAY

100,000 Starving men, women and children fed.

5,000 Homeless and destitute men and women sheltered.

100 of the unemployed registered.

600 "Submerged" out-of-work employed.

60 Ex-prisoners helped.

Scores of distressed persons advised.

### WHAT WE WANT TO DO.

Extend all our operations in London and the Provinces.

### WHAT CAN BE DONE.

£1 will enable us to breakfast 900 poor children.

£5 will provide a night's warm shelter and supply bread to 1,200 destitute, homeless men.

£10 will defray the cost of our Ex-prisoners' Home and Prison-gate work for a fortnight.

£100 will ensure 100 of the "Submerged" having the opportunity, for three months, of working their way back to lost social positions.

£1,000 will defray the cost of fitting up two new shelters.

Rescue work among fallen women. Slum work by resident officers, and Farm Colony operations have been, and are being vigorously carried on, while our Social Institutions abroad are as numerous and active as those at home.

The Salvation Army has now 10,646 officers (wholly employed) in thirty-eight countries, conducting over two million meetings annually.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

The above hard facts we commend to your careful consideration.

"Are you successful, with these odds against you, in permanently rescuing girls?" asked the visitor.

The indefatigable Secretary was very positive.

"Certainly!" she replied. "In one house, occupied by three sisters and one brother, the eldest girl, only twenty-three, was living with a man, and reared a house, the brother went out and

### Patched Sallies In

to his two young sisters, of nineteen and seventeen, and the whole family lived on the proceeds. We heard of the case, and got hold of the two younger ones; and one is now in service with a Christian family, and really saved. She was here yesterday, so bright and happy, and writes such beautiful, pleading letters to her father, who is living in Portsmouth. The other sister is still in the workroom, and gives great promise."

"Do you not find entering on careers

## FROM MISS WILLARD

To the "Darkest England Gazette."

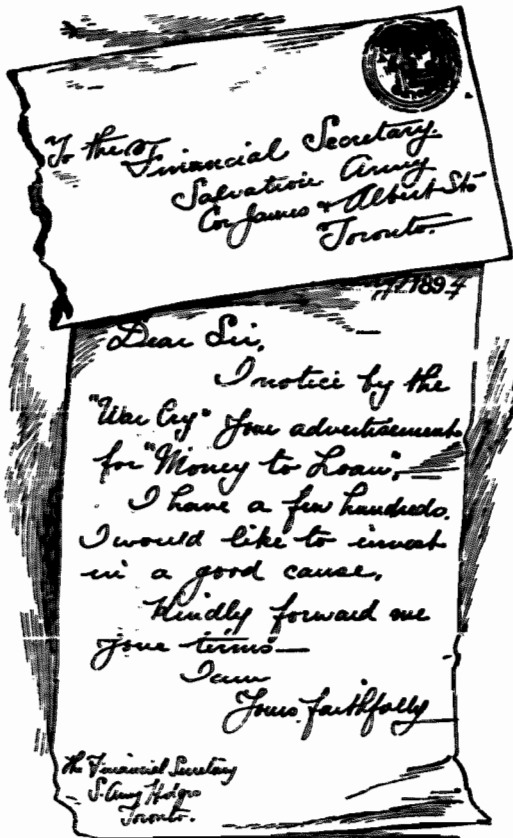
"REMARK, January 22nd, 1894.

"To THE EDITOR.—The Bible says, 'If a man will not work neither shall he eat,' and if you mind the Golden Rule demands that if a man will work he shall eat. Until we have applied these two principles to the everyday life of the world, we have neither a Christianized civilization nor a civilized Christianity.

"As I understand it, the good and great General Booth has founded a Social Scheme upon the purpose to help men and women to help themselves. He is doing on a large scale what wise philanthropists have long done on a small, and Government will, ere long, be doing on a great. His undertaking (and that of the Salvation Army, for which I have an earnest and sincere regard, and of which I am an associate member), meets with my hearty sympathy, has my prayer, and shall have my small influence I may possess.

"Believe me, yours for the day when all men's souls shall be each man's care; to me that day means the reign of Christ in the customs of society and the laws of the land.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



## Rescue Work at Portsmouth.

(From "Darkest England Gazette.")

Portsmouth possesses both military and naval establishments, and profligacy is rampant. Shame on our nation that it should be so!

For two years, a steady and successful effort to combat the evil, has been made in a little street, called Noble Lane. There, in buildings formerly partially used as a low beer-house, a Salvation Army Rescue Home, Laundry, and Metropole, are located. The Rescue Home, proper, is a bright and cheery establishment, with workroom, dining room, and bedrooms, with ample bathing accommodation. The old place is thoroughly converted, and its very atmosphere breathes hope for the sinner.

The girls were singing happily at their washbasins. One was a child-like-faced girl, who has been in the Home sixteen months. She is receiving training for the laundry work, and

### Her Mother, a Brothel-Keeper.

being on the watch for her, to send her out of the building to any work, would simply mean running her into certain temptation.

We received 119 girls from December, 1892, to the same month, 1893, and of that number, forty-two have been sent to situations; twelve to friends; two to other Homes; five to laundry work outside, after being taught to sew; ten were assisted temporarily; fifteen were unemployable, and remainder were left in the Home.

The Laundry is a great help. It now brings in 26 or 27 weekly; a great improvement.

mic principles for so many, a difficult matter!"

"Not very. We always have wholesome food for them. Join in dinner on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Fish, once or twice a week, and soup. For breakfast, tea, and supper, ordinarily, good bread-and-butter; but we are frequently having having an officer's birthday coming round, when we have a general tea, with a little extra, and make it a kind of festive occasion. And our kind friends often send little treats."

"Can I be calm, beholding everywhere Disease and anguish busy early and late? Can I be silent, not compassionate The evils that both soul and body hate?"

For in you baggard form He begs, unseen, To Whom for life we kneel;

One little cake He asks, with lowly mien, Who Meets every meal."

## "The Beggars Died".

(Darkest England Gazette.)

Cold in the world's heartstone to-night, The glimmer of sunset fades afar; The rising moon sheds a ghastly light, Here and there glimmers a lonely star

Down the quiet lane creeps a man forlorn, He is old, and hungry, and wan with pain; He has wandered many a mile since morn, He never will travel these roads again.

The glowing ovens are somewhere near, Where a beggar may stretch a weary limb;

So he totters forward with hurried fear, For his strength is failing, his eyes grow dim.

Who, in the midnight, heard him groan? The earth was desolate as the sky!

Who marked him rigid grow on the stone? Twice his Maker, alone, that saw him die!

To her inner chamber the moon's with-drawn,

The stars turn pale in the morning sky; On his marble brow falls the light of dawn, On his lips, the light of eternity.

Oh, God, that a man should die like a bound,

Of hunger and cold, 'neath the night's dark pall!

Lord, when shall it be that on English ground

There'll be work, and shelter, and hope for all?

Oh, soon may the world's hearthstone grow bright!

And love war mightily beneath the sun! And famine and misery take their flight, And the black clouds fade when the tempter's done.

J. HOLLIES.

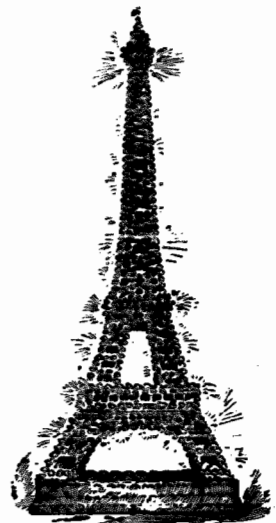
## PAPERIES.

"THE SOCIAL PROBLEM originated simultaneously with the first great transgression of the law, and is one of the numerous Satanic progressions springing into existence as a direct consequence of the fall. Adam became an outcast from Paradise, a Social wreck and the progenitor of all the outcasts, prodigals, vagrant-luck-alls and out-of-work who constitute the great Army of Destitution.

But before Paradise was irrevocably lost, the glorious germ of victory was implanted in the bosom of the first man, and to all time the promise went forth, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel." The bruising of the heel constitutes the Social Problem, with all its attendant train of sinfulness, selfishness, sadness, sorrow and suffering. The bruising of the head shadows forth the ultimate and everlasting triumph of Righteousness over Death.

"It is in the strength of this divine power and glorious triumph that we work the Social Scheme of the Salvation Army."

CAPTAIN HART, M. D.



One of the most dignified and discreditable exhibitions of wealth is that on exhibition at the Hanover gallery, where a model of the Eiffel Tower was made almost entirely of diamonds. There are 40,000 diamonds built up on a silver foundation. The lamps are represented by pearls, the stair cases and lifts are made of gold while the summit glitters with rubies and sapphires.

To think of this vastness waste for the mere purpose of exhibition whilst there are so many of our fellow creatures without bread to eat is enough to excite the righteous indignation of any child of God. However, for this we have little responsibility but we have the responsibility for the gifts, whether of money, talents or grace that God has given us. Oh, that we may be faithful stewards.







# Friday Night Again!

About seven, last Friday evening, in a partitioned-off room in the Y.W.C.A. building, Elm Street, the Commandant met the Toronto officers for a preliminary "wrestling-Jacob" meeting. This is the second or third little meeting the Commandant has held on behalf of the big meeting afterwards, and every meeting, in the spiritual sense, has paid. Experience proves that preparation is preparation, and preparation means power.

"It was while they all were praying and believing it would come, came the power. Jesus prevailed. Should come down."

Hallelujah!  
A few words of definite prayer were asked for by the Commandant. "I believe in definite petitions, don't you?" he asked. "Yes," was shouted impressively. "Lord, I believe!" cried the Commandant. "Help my faith." (Volleys.) Then the meeting began to travel. "Let the showers come." (Many voices.) "Amen!" Then we sang, "with the steps out," as Commissioner Combs says to us.

"Showers of blessing. Showers of blessing we need. As dry-drops must us we follow. Give for the showers we stand."

Our leader dwelt on having an appetite for God, then we sang again, and the fire increased.

"Every regiment," said the Commandant, "has certain anxious of proved, tested warriors. These hold up in the heat of the battle, and give fighting quality to the whole company. Let us be such in this meeting."  
"Amen!" (Respectfully.)  
"God's love is a warm love that melts my heart," said someone in prayer.

"It is good to be here,"  
lead out our leader.  
Elicited shouts.  
"That's a grand song."

"The perfect Love—"  
"What is it?"  
"A voice." "Drive away fear."  
"Perhaps," continued the leader, "the devil will tell you you ought not to deliver your message to-night because of the Commandant. He is here, and considering what I shall do for an Ensign."  
Now, take no notice, the words are  
"Drive Away Fear."

so go ahead, Ensign or no Ensign.  
Following on come the song.

"Overflowing."  
After the first verse it was noticed that a Cadet looked sad, but another verse cleared of the cloud.

Adjutant Miller prayed for "waves of blessing." Ensign Phillips, for "a revelation of Thyself through Thy Spirit to every heart." Then came,

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour,"  
to the tune of  
"Shall we meet."

It went. Try it, Salvation reader. Brigadier Holland recognized in prayer that we are called to the trenches where the smoke and fire are so deadly, and where the bullets whiz. "Come," cried he, "and help us to follow faithfully," so concluded this fiery preliminary.

"Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?"  
touched the meeting out from dry-dock into deep water.

"When the bridegroom cometh," and "He may come to-night," interpreted the Commandant, "if we would you need a deal of polishing up to be ready."  
(Reader, take in this question.)  
"Ah," one would say, "Hold on. Let me run down the street and pay that money I owe; I want to pay my debts before I meet him."  
Another would say, "Wait, I don't feel ready."  
"What does that indicate? That you are not walking in the light."

There was a good amount of liberty, so is generally the case when the Spirit of God is present.

Said the Commandant, referring to a remark, "Everyone who wishes me to go to heaven say 'Amen!'"  
Roses of "Amen."

"How do you don't say 'Amen!'"  
"Amen," came from one solitary individual, and he the response.

The audience smiled—so he held at this strange happening.

"How's that?" queried the Commandant.  
"Can't spare you yet," was the laconic response.

"Ah," said the officer, "that's a good way out of the difficulty. I'll pay for that."

Not the culprit only laughed.  
Sister Dixon's dear old silver-crowned hairpin here appeared through the crowd, in with her and stuck in under a bolt for a neck just behind the Commandant's chair, and thus diverted attention from the speaker.

In the praying exercises, Captain Garrett thanked God for the cleansing blood which flowed in power down the centuries; also he was anxious for us to enable the people to obtain his cleansing efficacy.

Preliminary to the God honored song.

"Just so it is,"  
it was improved on so that there are only one set of conditions for saint and sinner in coming to God.

He asked that we say:  
(Voices) No!  
That He will be?  
(Voices) No!

That He is (in this Y. W. C. A. Hall)?  
S. A step further. That He is the Saviour of those who seek Him.

Then up went the song. Heaven must be pleased with that song, an account of its million saved associations.

At this point back went the central door in order to make room for the increasing crowd.

The Commandant commented on part of 12th of Romans.  
I beseech. If Jesus came in visible form to this audience would He not say, as His Spirit does—"I beseech!"

There is no compulsion. Beseech implies free choice—power to refuse. He might have said, "I command you by the thunders of God's wrath," but a populace worth having in heaven must be obtained by a free choice of His service on the part of each individual comprising this populace.

All were exhorted on the grounds of Christ's promise, to choose now, and to be ready for the coming of His Son.

Adjutant Miller testified that he had—  
1. Peace and happiness, and in him sin was destroyed.  
2. He was converted.  
3. He loved sinners.

A Lieutenant testified to being a straight character; not by his own power, but God's. "I sought in the world I find."  
Captain Garrett said:—"I know about a clean heart. The devil would to say, 'You have been too black; you cannot live without sin.' But for twelve months I have been able to stand on my platform or street corner in Toronto, and testify that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin."

Said another comrade:—"An ocean traveler observed a big iceberg floating south. The sun shone on it, yet it did not melt. Apparently; nevertheless, out of sight, the warm waters from the southern region, played on the huge mass of ice till it split, and under a great crash and broke up. And many a Christian suffer through human influence, which captain repeated, of being destruction."

Captain Wale thanked God for a clean heart.

A sturdy brother expressively said, "Once I had a dirty heart, but God has given me a clean one."

A Cadet has had "five months of joy and sunshine."

By this time, the glory warms rose so high that three witnesses were up for testimony sincerely.

"Look, ladies," said the Commandant, and all smiled.

Ensign Fritz was in a smothering place. Had got out of darkness and the gloom of defeat, and was on a Rock. Once had been a misery to himself, was belated about good looks; but now had done with that silly man (Ensign) as to his own darkness. Ensign—No., had good feelings, even the

Promises of God.

Captain Carson gave us a testimony, which in the thirty minutes of two sessions. He was in his larger type. He had

Learned to Do the Will of God, and Ask No Questions.

God bless that cock from the Shelter. I like these Social Wingers. The cock said, "My life is what God wants it to be," and if that is not so, I guess the boys there will soon tell him.

A sister gave back, stood and smiled. God for cleansing and keeping.

Said a brother: "I am living right down at the feet of the Cross. Jesus is there. I have saved communion with Him all the time. There are few of hard battle, but His grace is sufficient."

Another: "I am sure I have been saved. Captain Caruthers was living in obedience to the will of God, and was unmercifully yielded. He had no reserves, as some people put on property when they put it up for public auction is so. I have seen him."

Here arose a young man, who was a member at the first of these belated meetings, the writer reported. He has had victory over sin since then, and said he, "To-day is the best day I have had yet."

Word comforted. "Once God's Word comforted me. I met a man whose life is a wrecked one. I went home with him. Through his tears I told him of the promise of God."

"I know all that," said the unhappy man, "but the words comforted me and made me joyful."

I told him "the God Who acts is able to help."

"I have proved," continued the Captain, "that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin."

Mrs. Booth here gave with winning smile and song.

"Whiter than the snow."

Mrs. Booth believes in a live and enthusiastic work, and suggested by me to be "poked

in sin." Pointers of this sort soon show folks out, especially coming from Mrs. Booth.

Mrs. Booth was suffering from heartburn, but that Captain Jones happily rushed in with a half gallon jug of water put in the sink of three—don't understand me, there was a glass to drink out of, but a lower jug could not be found.

"Excuse my voice," said Mrs. Booth, "it's the words that are all important."  
(The Commandant—"The voice will do for us." (Laughter.)

Mrs. Booth thrust home in her usual pointed style. The fact is, people get laughing at some one or other of Mrs. Booth's naive sallies, and forgetting themselves, let the armor resistance they generally assume themselves in for meetings, and so get some real shots to the heart before they can recover themselves.

"Our sin may not be gross before others, but if it is only a bad temper it is sin, and in God's sight, sin is sin."

"Holiness means to be a fountain of love—to be all love—all heart."  
Lies seeks to veil others' faults, not publish them.

"Love seeks to see beauty, not deformities."

"My little boy said, 'Mamma make better

if wipe 'way tears.' And I wiped his tears away, then he smiled and went to sleep."

"Oh, for more love that wipes away people's tears!"

The Commandant added a few more words.

"Saviour lead on,"

was sung. A young man came and dropped on both knees at the front, seeking perfect love.

"Bless this young man!" cried the Commandant, looking down at him.

"Grace there is,"

rang out inspiringly, but before the chorus was once through another sinner knelt forward. Then several others. Then we cleared the front and the seekers knelt on the platform.

"No forcing," cried the Commandant. "Do not do what you are not ready to do. Don't do with your body what your heart is not in harmony with. God says, 'Give Me thine heart,'—get that and He will have all."

A good number of seekers were out, but I did not count, so I cannot say for certain how many.

Immediately after the meeting closed the Commandant was busy transacting business with his aide.

JOHN COMPLAIN.

## Western Ontario Province

BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

### McKECHNIE'S GOSPEL TRANSCENDS THE LAW.

Ensign Ella Williams Reports From Dresden—Simcoe's Solid Facts.

#### Stratford.

On Wednesday evening we held a successful musical meeting. Captain Rogers and Lieutenant Miller, of Mitchell, were with us; also Captain Orchard. The proceeds went to buy fuel for the barracks.

Our meetings on Sunday were led by Captain Orchard; we had splendid crowds; many were converted, and our leader returned to the field.—B. CLARK, Special Correspondent.

#### Chesley.

We had a uniform meeting last Thursday, when the timings and advantages of wearing it was brought before the people; by giving strength, we had a small crowd.

On Saturday night we had "Salvation geography," illustrated by a map; had a very attractive audience.

Good meetings all day Sunday; many converted, but none would yield. We are going in for victory, and are believing for a break in the enemy's ranks soon.—Lieutenant SMITH.

#### Barnia.

We are still rejoicing over previous souls coming to the Cross. One, a police officer, converted in the course of time on Sunday, February 25th, in our seven o'clock prayer meeting. The Lord's hand is not shortened that He cannot save. The debt dollar stored up in the face, and golden God, we got it up on a cloud of. Hallelujah!—Captain McKECHNIE.

#### Dresden.

Since coming to Dresden we have been proving the faithfulness of God. The meetings are well attended, and the people seem anxious for salvation.

I spent Monday night at Thessville; had a very good time, but the night is rather difficult. Captain Whalen and Lieutenant Haley have just taken charge of Bethwell, and already God has blessed their labors.

Lieutenant Hunter has arrived in Wallaceburg to help Captain Hunter. We welcome him to the district, praying God may make him as useful as his wife and sister.—Ella WILLIAMS, Ensign.

#### Facts From Simcoe District.

Captain Davidson, after five years' steady work as a Salvation Army officer, goes on furlough.

Lieutenant Charles Bent takes up the reins at Fort Ross. The D. O. had a good time the night he was there, and got the biggest collection they had had for a year.

A fact that we have got a good five-year-old horse, fit as a dumpling, tough as a whalebone, kind as a tame kitten, and can go over the road with him, and keep it up all day at some miles an hour.

A fact that on a cold day lately she took us seven miles in less than three-quarters of an hour.

Captain Ross and her sister having taken charge of Dresden; Lieutenant Taylor has come to assist Captain Ross, of Tillamook. There has been four fair days of the present

form in the last four weeks, in Simcoe, for pardon and thirteen for the blessing.

The march on Sunday last were the biggest they have been for years.

Our platform is far too small now for the soldiers and converts.—A. CAM.

#### Warton.

Another week has rolled around, and still we are able to report more victories. One comrade was under conviction for a clean heart, and soon found it while in the lumber camp all alone with God.

We have had an interesting time on our trip this week. We went through a bush road to take tea with some friends; on our way out to meeting that night we found that a tree had fallen across the road, so we had to unhitch the horse from the cutter and lead him around, then lift the cutter over the tree, hitch up again, and go on.

Meetings have been good all round, with three colors at Pike Bay.—Captain and Mrs. ROWE.

#### Good!

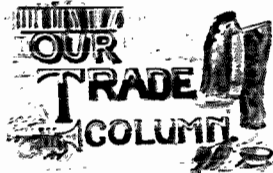
GODERICH.—I thought I would send you a report of my War Cry selling, and what a blessed time I have enjoyed. I met out with my trustee of WYLLIE WARR, and on my way called on Mother Smith to have a bit of advice and prayer, then I proceeded on my journey, and had good success, selling them all, returning home rejoicing to know that I can do a little for God and souls. Mother and I have some great times going from place to place, and we are received with the greatest respect by the lawyers and others. The hotel-keepers and bar-tenders receive us with the greatest respect, in many cases they go round with us to help sell them. One man told me he was surprised to see her in here, when she told him he need not be surprised to see her anywhere since God had opened her eyes; she is willing to go anywhere to spread the Gospel and to extend God's Kingdom. Another asked me to take a glass and he would buy a paper, I told him to buy the paper, and he would see something in it that would make him think about his soul's salvation. I could tell you some great tales [De. please.—Ed.] about War Cry selling, but I am afraid I have said too much now, so I will close for this time.—Sergeant KATIE McKECHNIE.

### 'Our Children' in the Easter Cry.

#### "Poison in Every Glass."

The favorite son of a rum-seller in Grafton, N.E., U.S., after having been jealously excluded from the bar for many years, was at last duly installed by his father as bar-tender with the following parental caution:—"Do not see that row of bottles?" "Yes," said the son. "Well, there's Poison in every one. Don't you ever drink a drop!"

But the daily example of the father and his patrons was soon found to be stronger than the parental counsel.—"Example is mightier than precept,"—and that favorite son in a few years filled a drunkard's grave.



## YOU MUST NOT READ THIS

If you are not interested in the Special Easter Number of the War Cry. It would be a waste of time.

## IF YOU EXPECT

something extraordinary you will not be disappointed, for every effort is being put forth

## TO

produce a most interesting Easter Cry. Original reading matter, better paper, fine ink, illustrated cover, first-class illustrations, and a fine art Supplement, will all

## GO TO

make up a nice Cry that shall be appreciated by all who read it. The price will only be ten cents, although the fine Supplement is alone worth the price of the Cry and Supplement. If people grumble at ten cents being too much, they must not expect to get into

## HEAVEN,

for there is no room for misers and growlers. Tell them I said so. We have gone to great expense to produce an A 1 War Cry, and are confident that officers and soldiers will pronounce it a good thing, when they see it.

## BEAR IN MIND

that Spring is coming, and now is your time to order a New Suit. Send for Samples and Self-Measurement Forms, which will be sent free on application. If you live in Toronto

## WHERE YOU HAVE

an opportunity to call at our stores, do not fail to call early, before the rush.

Now, please, when you have

## READ THIS

do not forget all about it, but at once think over your needs; find out how much money you have to spend, and then sit down and send in the order at once. I advise you to get a good suit, if you can at all afford it. Some people always buy cheap suits, and when they have worn them a few times it fades; gets shabby and looks very annoying. You should repeat

## AND BLAME

yourself for spending little money often on a suit. A good suit will last you two or three cheap ones, and always looks good, tidy and clean, without showing all the colors of the rain-bow.

## THE WRITER

assures you that we only buy fast colors in woollens. We have very cheap suits, indeed, for the good quality of material, and first-class fit, which we furnish to our customers. We believe it is better to pay a little more at first,

## AND NOT

have the continual regret of having mispent a few dollars on a bad article. We give satisfaction, as we can show by many unsolicited testimonies from friends, officers, and soldiers. We have not had one from

## THE EDITOR

(God bless him—mind the scissors)—simply because he has just arrived in our midst, but I fully believe, when the time comes, he will freely testify that we can suit even him.

Do not forget to order or write at once to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

## TEMPTATIONS OF AN OFFICER.

Though an officer's life is mostly all joy, there are times of darkest depression and real temptations from the royal fiend of hell himself. Often do the soldiers unburden their hearts as they tell us of the "fery trial" and the strong temptations they are passing through; and how it seems to bless and cheer them to have a friend that they can tell their hearts out to, and have somebody to sympathize with them.

But how often are officers

Tortured and Harassed

through "being tempted of the devil." No District Officer is exempt very often from them to tell out their heart to, and they are afraid to put it on paper, for fear that someone might see it. Without doubt, it is very good to have a friend or comrade to talk to and get their help and sympathy, but there are times when we alone must meet the devil, and have to fight hand-to-hand with him, the same as Jesus did. We may not be able to have any earthly friend to help us, but "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The worst temptation to an officer, to my mind, is to "come down"; quit the field; a similar temptation to that of Nehemiah's, who was asked to quit his great work and

Come Down.

How many are tempted with the enemy as follows: "You can do as much good as a

No doubt there are many officers who do go back, and become good soldiers, and do good in the corps and the Army in general, and are justified in the step they took; but how many get back into the ranks that never should have been there.

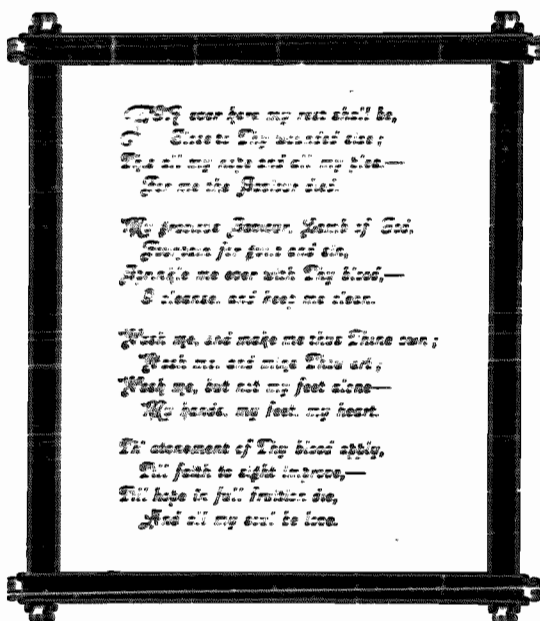
The way to settle the enemy on this score is to ask him who put you where you are, God or myself? If myself, why should the devil be so anxious to have you out of it? If God "took you," as He took David, Amos, and made you and made you His prophet, you will have no doubts as to the call, and can you "come down," when God has taken you and "set you apart" because you were godly? How can you go back when you are sent from God, His chosen ambassador?

Another temptation is, "You are no good; you're not a success." No earnest, whole-souled officer will be in the dark as to whether their work has been a success or a failure. You will be able to look back and "size it up," and see what you have accomplished, and if you have been a success you will be a workman that needeth not to be

Ashamed of Your Career.

You might not have done as much as some other officers, but you will have done what you could. All have not the same talents and capacity.

How often does Satan offer false cloaks to officers to assist them in getting out: sickness at home; father or mother needs supporting; my own health is failing; I have a chronic sore throat, etc., etc.: How many officers have accepted these cloaks,



*Oh, ever here my rest shall be,  
O Father Thy blessed side;  
Thy all my aid and all my plea—  
For me the Father died.*

*Thy precious Father, Father of God,  
Forgive for guilt and sin,  
Forgive me ever with Thy blood,—  
I cleanse, and keep me clean.*

*Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
Wash me, and make Thine art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone—  
My hands, my feet, my heart.*

*Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Thy faith to sight improve,—  
Thy love to full fruition die,  
And all my soul be Thine.*

soldier, be a local officer, a secretary, or a sergeant-major. There are many advantages in being a soldier, to what you have as an officer. God is not particular as to where you work, as to how you work, so long as you are really doing something for Him. Look at Captain So-and-So, etc., they have gone back to the ranks as privates, and they get along all right; they seem to be filling a sphere of usefulness, and are a blessing to the corps and the Army, and they even seem to have Headquarters' blessing in going out. Why not I? Why can't I work at my trade, and get my old friends saved, and the people of the town?

Often does the devil say, "Oh, this Salvation Army work is a foolish hope. Your time, and talents, and capacity are being wasted; you're throwing your life away. You labor like a slave night and day, week in and week out, and the years will come and go, and nothing seems accomplished, it's a life thrown away. You might have filled a far better and brighter life in some other capacity, and done as much for God. He does not hold you any more responsible than any other individual in the world; others have the same knowledge of souls going to hell, and they are

Not Condemned

for not taking the same course as I have. I don't see why I am any more responsible. God does not call all to the field, and even some who have been in the field have gone home, and are doing well spiritually, and God uses them. Why can't I go and do a soldier like the others do?"

and have gone home, stepped down from their high and holy calling, who have repented in melancholy and ashes, and tell of broken hearts and blighted lives! What pleadings they would give to a tempted one to stick to it and not come down! Remember that an infirmity follows a holy, godly officer; how the WAR CRY is seasoned to see where to they are now stationed; how comrades officers are caused to weep as they see a fellow officer lay down the sword and turn their backs to the enemy!

Well Reasonless;

has a special jubilee, and stir themselves up to greater activity to ruin more. How the angels weep, and the redeemed comrades who have finished their career and gone to heaven and wait for us, look down and seem to say, "There is mourning in heaven to-day."

You started out on the warpath with a rush, and were as fresh as a giant refreshed with new wine. God has not exhausted His supply of grace and blessings; you can be as fresh and full of the Holy Ghost as in the beginning of your warfare.

F. E. S.

## "What Father Takes."

A little boy dining with his father at an hotel was asked by the waiter "What will you drink?" "I'll take what father takes," "Well," said the father, "I'll take water." Parents! It is always best to do what you want your children to do.



"Come in to the Major and show him." It was Ensign Kinton's voice, as he held open the door between her office and the Editor's.

"Yes, all right," said Staff-Captain Friedrich, the worthy Trade manager, who came in.

"Willie," said the Editor, "run down stairs to the Financial office and tell Staff-Captain Streeter to come up, quick."

"Ensign Frith is here, Major," said Ensign Kinton.

"Oh, bring her in. Here, Ensign, sit down in the Editorial chair; for there now, you have a good right, look at it. What do you think of it?"

"If the Canadian public don't like that they cannot go to heaven," chimed in Staff-Captain Friedrich.

"Tell them he says so," interjected Ensign Kinton.

"It's as good as you would get for a dollar at the stores," said Staff-Captain Streeter, true to the last to the dollars and cents aspect.

"I don't think the Salvation Army has ever produced such a work of art," said the Editor.

"Nor very few other publishers at the price," said the Trade Manager.

"It's just lovely," said an artist, who was present.

Ensign Frith thought it beautiful; fit for anyone, anywhere.

"Frame it and exhibit it in the store window below, Staff-Captain," said the Editor.

"Yes; and exhibit it at the principal barracks," cried another.

Exit visitors, animatedly.

"Here, Willie, take this advertisement down to the press," said the Editor.

What was it all about? Why, "that thing of beauty," the EASTERN SUPPLEMENT OF THE "WAR CRY."

To express non-appreciation of it will be a reflection on your want of taste.

## After the Opera is Over.

We know what will be urged against the closing of the tables. The "own" will go elsewhere—the fifth will break out in another place. One answer is, Hercules—the Law—must be ready to nip the difficulty in the bud. The commission of these wrongs, which enter like a cancer into the heart of a people, should be made more difficult than ever—in short, next door to impossible. And that this can be done, we have only to point to the action of the police authorities this week. By the simplest of tactics they have unseated the trustiest of London's clubs "After the opera is over" begins a carnival of the most hideous and destructive character. Subterranean London fountains by night view that slay its thousands by day. The result of the discovery and the punishment of the evildoers is out of all proportion, however, to the offences that are committed. What is a fine of £14 to a man possessing the wealth of a club manager? A few wanders and sodas, and cigars at a shilling each, will soon right his balance, and the dancing and the drinking and the immorality will go on. New conditions of life demand new laws. The clubs of London have so multiplied that vice not contemplated at their origin have sprung into existence. The hand of the legislator is, therefore, needed. Meanwhile, parents and guardians should be wary of the insidious names under which these temptations to the young are presented. There is only one safe and sure way to escape their influence. That lies in the consecration of ourselves to the highest service, in which the pleasures of the soul and the mind are undisturbed by the dross of selfishness and the curse of sensuality. That service, need we say, is Christ's.—(D. E. Gosselin.)

"Forsoke the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding;" also, go to the Friday night Holiness Meeting, Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street.

## BY-GONE BATTLES.

## Ensign Moore Reviews The Past.

Singing at School—Work on the Farm—Remembrance of Battles—A Dry-goods Store—Enlist in the Field—Barracks Days—"Such a Day!"—Rough and Tumble—A Petition—Promoted Ensign—A Heavy Blow—Victory Hill.

In the village of North Goswar was my birth-place, about twenty-five miles from Ottawa. About my earliest recollections are coming from those to Richmond, Ontario, where a part of my school days were put in. There, though I advanced rapidly in my studies, my time was rather short, as my parents were not well-to-do, and it was often my lot to stay at home from school to work.

I always remember how

## The Old School Teacher

used to sing us a song on Friday afternoons, and this was always a treat to me, as I was passionately fond of music. In fact, it afforded me much pleasure to listen to an old lady, who used to work at our house occasionally, sing.

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we march, etc.

Also to take part in singing.

"Hail we gather at the river!"

and other songs sung in the day school a few years afterwards.

Later on, my lot was cast in a country place.

## Work on the Farm

and other inconveniences hindered my studies, till at about the age of fifteen, my school days were over; then I had to face the stern reality of life, and go to work steadily.

It was while attending a revival meeting that God's Spirit strove with me. I was then only twelve years of age, but the songs of those meetings, and the people who attended them, are green in my memory to-day. God saved me there. Though other people may not have believed in me, I had real joy and peace in my soul. But the cares of the world soon crushed the spark of love out of my heart, leaving a vacant place.

My first glimpse of the Army was about eight years after, when they marched through the streets of Clinton, singing

## Songs of Salvation,

which drew me to the Town Hall. The Spirit of God was leading me to a life of complete surrender to His will. This surrender I made on the 20th of May, 1884.

I was then working in a dry-goods store. For two years I worked there, and fought as a soldier. God gave me many victories at home, and where I worked, as well as in the corps.

My application for the field was written on a post-card, and read as follows:—

"DEAR COMMISSIONER,—If you can put me in the gap to keep one oval from going to hell here, I am to go."

This brought my name in a few days. My acceptance followed in July, 1886.

## My First Station

was Godrich, as Cadet, where seven and a half months of real, blood-fighting were put in. Word of my promotion and appointment as Captain to Tewwater, nearly took my breath away.

My laurel wreath, I started determined to win; and I did, in the strength of God. To my the fight was "tough," was only mildly expressing it; crowds a-swell, place in debt, authorities down on us, and finances low. But it drove us to our knees. Three and a half months more seventeen souls seeking God—some of these have gone to Rich-Clow, to battle difficulties which had arisen in my chance. I put in ten months alone—yet not alone, for Jesus was with me.

Orders came for Listered, where our barracks was burned two days after my arrival. Some months of open-air fighting followed, then we landed a small ship, fitted it up, and rejoined in seeing a number of

## South River

before my orders came to farewell and proceed to Bothwell. The seven months of blood-fighting I put in at Listered, was continued during the night and a half I spent at Bothwell.

"The Commissioner has surely made a mistake to send such a boy as that here; he'll never succeed!" was the opinion of one of our comrades; but when above him, I was all right, so the corps was not at all daunted. We had sixty soldiers when I left.

Ridgeway is to be your next appointment. So we proceeded there. After a stay of six weeks, I was furloughed, and put to work at the Chatham Division. After three months, I was sent back again to Rich-Clow, to battle difficulties which had arisen in my chance. I put in ten months alone—yet not alone, for Jesus was with me.

We had a revival in every town of the West, and came through to many a conversion.

rough broke the windows in the barracks, and the corps is pretty low." This was about the most encouraging news I received of this place; it was too true. Yet I can look upon those five months and a half of warfare there as about the most enjoyable of my experience.

The policeman "moved me on" from the open-air stand, threatened to lock me up, etc.; he also made me pay market fees for selling. Wasn't there on Saturdays. The people though, use the right stage, when you get them saved.

There I was promoted Ensign, and sent to assist the Woodstock Headquarters. After seven months I was appointed to a similar duty to Adjutant Leonard; then to Toronto Division.

At my own request I was returned to the field rank and appointed to Lindsay. Here the corps was increased from forty-four to about eighty soldiers. My orders came at the end of five months, but through

## A Petition,

signed by over 200 citizens, I remained there three months longer.

Ushings followed, and a wire from the Field Secretary said, "Proceed to Montreal."

During the six fall and winter months we scored a definite victory in the strength of God. Two hundred persons sought pardon at our position; one of these a number were sworn in as soldiers. Montreal people are of the soldier stamp, the friends practical, and the band a success.

Again word of promotion came. I took it as from God, and proceeded to Belleville corps and district for six months.

## Tough Fight,

but was able to triumph for God, and learned some profitable lessons.

From there, my present appointment, Windsor, Ont., came next. Here I have already spent over three months. I love my work very much, and I think I can say God



and our Army can depend on the officers and soldiers in this district.

I must say my love is greater for the Army and its administration than it ever was, and believe there are glorious victories for us in the future.

One night during my stay at Listered some young men came to the meeting for the express purpose of disturbing it. Failing in accomplishing just what they intended they determined to have a row of some sort, so one of their number turned on a trumpet and beat him severely, just because he thought he was trying to find out the name of the ring-leader. In attempting to stop this row the Ensign came in for a share of it, namely, a good heavy blow on the head. The captain, however, was lenient to the point, and although he employed a lawyer, who was mean enough to say anything against the Army, the case went against him, and he had to pay the penalty of a fine.

## "OCHONE!"

"West Jock, and from, how are ye? as when did you leave Add Bushie?"

"Jat 'at' b'g'ha'nd' o' th' New Year, Darnald."

"Man, I'm y'e glad tae see ye; bit say, hae ye seen our latest Special?"

"Why, what's that?"

"He—so—man, ye are a new chum, why, he our SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER o' the 'WAR CRY,' tae come; ye can git it fine any Army Captain an', d'ye see (giving Jock a 'dig') 't' the 'WAR CRY' SUPPLEMENT is worth the ten cents, ye ye git it 't' next for nothing. Man, it's gud'!"

## Preparation for Service.

## THE COLLEGE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

At the great Missionary conference in Toronto, February 13, the Rev. W. Spencer Walton, a missionary who has spent some years amongst the natives of South Africa, spoke on "God's Preparation for Service." He said there had never been such an amount of missionary zeal as there was at the present day, but the difficulty was that it was not practical zeal. He spoke of the preparation of Moses for the work of leading the Israelites out of the land of Egypt. Moses had never been successful as long as he was in Egypt. While there he muddled things. They could not go into the world to improve the world. When the church took worldly matters into its doors the Holy Ghost departed through the windows. If Jesus Christ were to walk through the streets of Toronto he would be one of the most unpopular men in the city, and a Christian must be prepared to meet with the anger of the world in following his first path of life. They must sink their self-esteem, their worldly self-respect and their love for popularity. They must prepare to be an abomination in the eyes of the world, even in the religious world.

## A STRAIGHT QUESTION.

"Have they done it?" he asked when he said that the home heathens had been supplied with the bread and meat of religion.

"You build fine churches and they are

## Loss of s.s. "Amazonas," and all Hands.

"I regret to say there is no further news of the s.s. Amazonas, and all hope has now been abandoned." Such was the mournful intelligence received from the owners of the above steamboat, which carried, as able seaman, John Chivers, the brightest soldier of our corps possessed. Amid the roarings of that fearful tempest, which swept the Bay of Biscay, and in which the s.s. Amazonas, with our comrades, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Lyons, from India, on board, was in such imminent peril, and which H.M.S. Resolution suffered so much damage, the s.s. Amazonas, after a brave fight with the elements, foundered with all hands.

Our promoted comrade, by his life, words, and songs, has left behind him a most convincing testimony to all of us to the glorious fact that he was blessed ready. He was not only a Christian, but he was a Salvationist; to the backbone, and when ashore he was always to the front, and his voice in testimony and in song has been heard ringing through our streets and in our meetings. With his brother, Sam, who is left behind, he used to sing his favourite song, "The Handwriting on the Wall." At sea he was equally decided in his stand for God, and he had led some of his shipmates to Jesus. A comrade shook hands with him just before he sailed, when he said, "Good-bye. If we don't meet again on earth, we'll meet in heaven!"—English Cry.

## CRUMBS

From the Field Commissioner's Table.

"I would rather have any name under the sun than 'indifference.'"

"Do you want a name, sinner? I know what I would like it to be—"penitent."

"I don't believe anybody walks about with so much agony as a backslider."

"Backslider, you can start again, and never stop until you step into the Golden City and shout with the angels."

"There is a name better than all. Come along and have it written down—"a lover of Jesus."

"Don't hide yourself behind your 'buts'; they will be of no avail when you come to die. Your 'but' may be the one spot of leprosy that will lead to your ultimate destruction."

"My sins are all forgiven!" The devil is very strong, but if you want to be stronger, meet him with that; I don't know anything better."

"You'll see the great White Throne, And stand before it all alone."

You can't get behind it, or to the side of it; nor can you shield yourself behind some friend or relative. There you are, all alone—quite alone—except that your past will be there. How do you like the prospect, sinner?—FIELD COMMISSIONER MEN EVA BOOTE.

## My Vows.

Captain Soper of "The Retreat" writes: "The other morning I picked the plate from the table in our Women's Home, and saw the following: 'There had been quite a few comrades in the evening before. May each one of them prove each day His sufficiency.'"

## To My Dear Saviour.

"I now write these few lines to renew my vows to Thee. I will obey Thy call; will follow all the way, do all Thou commandest. "Give me the grace and power to carry out all I have promised Thee, help me to love Thee more, give me more of Thy Spirit, and whatsoever I undertake to do may it be done for Thy honor and glory. I thank Thee for the many blessings Thou hast given me in return for my work for Thee. I know as long as I put my trust in Thee I shall conquer. Victory in my soul."

SHER, NAB and JAPHETH cannot, but you can be at the Holiness Meeting, Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, Friday evening.



# WESTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

War! War! War! Bombardments and Victories.

ADJUTANT MAGEE IN TRIUMPHANT FIGHT!

GO AHEAD, WEST!

## The Western War.

Vernon, a small city, situated in the O'Kanagan Valley, British Columbia, is a lovely spot. The air is beautifully bracing, and the scenery surrounding it is sublime. It is a very young and fast growing city; has been incorporated about a year, and with the favorable and substantial resources it has at its disposal, it gives good promise of becoming in the near future a well populated and important community.

I had the privilege of visiting this interesting place on Wednesday, 7th February, and holding two meetings in the new and neat little Methodist Church, kindly placed at our disposal for the purpose, by our good brother, the Rev. Mr. Wood and his followers. God was with us, and gave us proof of His presence in the fact that He brought *four previous converts* to Himself—three for confirmation, one for salvation. There are one or two homes which interested me while here.

On the bank of the beautiful O'Kanagan Lake there lives Father and Mother Morden, so called. They are Salvationists. They have quite a large family altogether. One of them is a candidate for the work; two are sons, both are soldiers, and are married. As to the wives of these sons, all I have to tell you is this: I put the question, "And is your wife a Salvationist, too?" to one of them, and received the following reply: "Indeed she is, I wouldn't have had her if she wasn't." This will explain the spirit of the Mordens. Their home is twelve miles from Vernon. Two other comrades Salvationists—Lewis and Nelson—live near the Mordens. They are all on fire for the extension of God's Kingdom, and they have named their dwellings and possessions very appropriately, "The Salvation Colony," a veritable "Colony over Sea," in embryo.

There is another family—"The Tithe's"—who are fast following in the track of the Salvation Army and the Mordens, and who bid fair to become as out-and-out for God. They live and fight for God at Nash Hill and have liked to have got some further information, and have written up the history of these facilities for the Car.

The Cadet was crossing the lake to "The Salvation Colony." The boat leaked, and by the time he had rowed half way across, things looked pretty serious. The boat was filling with water. A heavy gale was blowing. "Night came on as no light to be seen; nothing to do but to drift; but a nearly full of water; but, after all, this time there's something dark and near at hand; it is land; camp suddenly disappears; the shore is struck; we through up to his eyes. Cadet glared down from the sinking boat. It is a good way into the night; no light to be seen; the watches he has in his pocket are wet; he puts them in his hat to dry, and strips to ring his wet clothes, and empty the water out of his boots. "Wonderful that he is not sink after that!" you say. Nay, the God Who preserved the Hebrew children in the furnace, saved for Cadet Norman, and kept His promise, "There shall no evil befall thee."

## Opening of Nanaimo New Barracks.

THE BUILDING AND A BARE DESIGNATED OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCILS—REMARKABLE BATTLES FOR SOUTH-FORTH—THEY FOR SALVATION AND BAPTISM—REMARKABLE OF RECENTS.

Many months have passed since the building project was first broached in the Colliery City of Nanaimo. The soldiers, with their healthy and energetic as characteristic of British Columbia Salvationists, looked into the scheme, and very soon had the purchase of land on accomplished fact. Commissioner Ross, when visiting the corps some two years ago, dedicated the ground. Since then, the soldiers and friends of Nanaimo, have been "looking and looking" with expert hands for the building to be commenced. Consequently, when the Commandant visited the Coast last June, and announced that the barracks should be gone on with at once, there

was no small joy among the veteran soldiers, as also among the sympathizers of the Salvation Army. It is done, and amidst the spitting of heavy rain drops, the meeting of heavy bass, and shrill soundings of silver cymbals, and the shouting of happy and grateful Salvationists.

On Monday, February 12th, Brigadier Margetts proclaimed the building now open, as he stood on high the banner of "Blood and Fire."

### THE BUILDING ITSELF

is a substantially built brick structure, capable of comfortably seating from 500 to 600 people. It has a well arranged platform, with a small ante-room at either end. The floor is raised some good few inches from rear to front. There are two side entrances, and one centre entrance. The building is well lighted and ventilated, and has at the front a decent basement, well suited for soldiers' and officers' meetings, with convenient access for the putting in of a furnace and for the demands of a large, etc. By the time everything is complete, it will have cost altogether, including land and furniture, well on to \$5,000. BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

The last day the special meetings were to be the best, right from the first song in the officers' room in the morning to the last song in the half-light of evening. God's presence was felt. Some real battles were fought and victories won.

In the afternoon holiness meeting, when the invitation was given to those who wanted a clean heart, to come forward, six accepted the invitation.

The salvation meeting at night was good, though there were no visible results; yet God was there, and many felt their need of Christ.

It rained in the half-light of prayer that evening had come there to meet with God. Definite testimonies were given. Brigadier again took hold, and spoke with power.—M. MARGETTS, Captain.

The excitement was at fever pitch as the barracks were for the dedication service of the new barracks.

Half-past two found us assembled in the old barracks, where we had some knee-drill before proceeding to the scene of action.

Upon arrival, Brigadier Mills gave out a song, "I have a dream," after which Brigadier Margetts addressed the crowd who had assembled in spite of the rain. He explained the object the Salvation Army had in erecting the building which was about to be opened. Just at this point the Brigadier proceeded to unveil the building, which he hoisted the top of the building outside the fringe of valleys.

The key of the building was then handed to Captain Smith, who was charged by Brigadier to see that the pure Gospel was preached. A good meeting inside, in which some real blood was shed to the building fund, and there was blessed and inspired to go forward.—L. R.

### GREAT WINTER MEETINGS.

Officers' councils in this part of the world are few and far between on account of the great distance from our Provincial Headquarters, so it can be only very understood we looked forward to these announcements during our winter meetings. At the opening of the meeting of the 12th, in the front room of the barracks might have been seen an expectant face, believing for a real outpouring of the Spirit of the living God, and blessed to His name, we were not disappointed. Brigadier, speaking of the "little things" in an officer's life that told greatly in larger things concerning the war.

The afternoon's meeting was not apart for soldiers, and each went from that meeting feeling it meant a great deal to be a real blood-and-fire soldier of the great Salvation Army.

At night we went in again for a soul-saving time, and God came near in prayer, song and testimony, and many were deeply convicted of their need of getting right, and we believe, being, they will be brought to God.—Captain R. PERROW.

## Brandon Garrison.

Once more we are glad to report victory in our souls, and sinners saved. The Lord has been blessing us, and we praise Him for it. There are many here who are deeply convicted, and feel the need of salvation, and we are laboring for them. Six held up their hands at the meeting last night to acknowledge they needed to be saved; but they would not come out. God bless them, and bring them to the foot of the Cross.—W. H. CONWAY, Cadet.

We are all on the tip-top of expectation. Captain, and some of the Cadets are chocked up with a cold, and Cadet Barker has his arm in a sling, and we are all expecting to get well. The Adjutant has gone on a tour, and has not returned yet. Captain McGill is with us, so we are going to hear something about the mountain outsiders' work in British Columbia, to-night. Sinners are convinced. The believers' souls will save them.—Cadet JOHN DRECK.

"Look out! Look out, there!"  
"Why, what's the matter?"  
"Why, another soul making straight for the furnace!"

Such was the tenor of what I heard in our meeting the other night, as the third soul was wandering her way to the front. The first one damped a dollar into the collection, and then threw himself down at the mercy seat. Halloo! In our holiness meeting, six in the forenoon for salvation. There are a few of the glorious things we are seeing here.—Cadet J. W. BAXTER.

## Brandon.

The chariot is still rolling along. During the past week six souls have sought and found salvation; six have been saved. A morning of a clean heart: six were convicted as soldiers, then enlisted as recruits; six raised their hands, signifying their desire to get saved last night. We fully expect these six, and a lot more this coming week.

Brother Gladwin, from Emerson, called during the week, and gave us a practical talk to the tune of five dollars. God bless him. Expenses are heavy. Victory is sure. All things are possible. Oh, for the Holy Ghost to rush in upon the entire district!—T. S. MAJOR.

## Winnipeg Garrison.

While visiting from home to home among the people the Lord has been teaching us some beautiful lessons. Some people with whom we came in contact seem to think that conversion is to be consisted of getting cold water. One lady said she would be baptized if we might come in and visit her that she did not want any Salvation Army, and she had nothing to give us, and that the door in our faces. But I believe the Lord has made us a blessing in clearing and helping souls.—Cadet LEANNE STRENGTH.

We are having victory here. Sometimes it is in little bits, and sometimes in big ones, but God is surely blessing us.—Cadet MAED DAVIDSON.

Prison God for the privilege of working for Him! He is helping us in our visiting. Although sometimes we meet some very peculiar people, yet there are others that seem glad to see us. On asking a lady if we could visit her she answered, "Thank you, I have enough to do as it is." "Thank you," "God you," and left her. Another man said that he missed every day, and at night he asked God to forgive him, and he thought that was the best he could do. We are in for victory through the blood.—Cadet D. DRYEN.

## Calgary.

Victory is still our watch-word. The Lord is working on the hearts of the people, and although we are still getting some droppings we believe we will soon have the showers. Thursday night, though Sergeant-Major and Secretary were away in the bank, and the band boys were on vacation, the Lord was with the few that were left, and after Lieutenant Kemp had sung some of her heart-stirring invitation songs, and Captain Cowan, in her earnest way, pleaded with the sinners to come to Jesus, six great big old men dropped out of the ranks of the crowd, knelt down and cried to the Lord, and praise His dear name. He saved them. Two more came out on Saturday night.—D. R. B.

## "That Wicked Old Wiper."

(The Special Sister Number.)

### The Mother's Example.

Mother, you hold the golden chain of your child's destiny. Your influence and example may link it firmly to the throne of the Eternal, or fasten it to the cavern of endless despair. See, then, that you "look well to the ways of your household," let your lips "keep knowledge," "let your words praise you," and your children "will not remove the law of their mother," and "thy children will rise up and call thee blessed."—Rev. BRUCE DIXON.

## RESCUE NOTES.

BY KENNETH A. COWAN.

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" The Master has been asking us this week, and in taking our Lieutenant Gibbs from us to another part of the battlefield, viz., Winnipeg, Home; we felt no glad to let her go when He needed her. At our last farewell tea together, the dear girl felt very bad at parting, and were too choked with tears to testify as to what a help she had been to us; but every hand was raised when we asked all those who had been helped, and who prayed.

### God's Richest Blessing

on her, to raise their hands. While we were in the car spending the last few moments together, we heard one singing; the words were,

"Leaving on the promise of God."

On getting off the train to see what it was, we found quite a crowd of people assembled to bid farewell to a party of five noble young men who were starting out on a mission to China. It was quite affecting to see them embrace their other brothers while their faces beamed with holy joy, and again they burst forth into song to these beautiful words of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and lo I am with you alway."

As the train moved off, we felt so glad that the Holy Spirit was leading out the hearts of God's people to carry

### The Glad Tidings

of the Gospel into the dark places of the earth; also that we were sending out a little home missionary to help lift up her little sisters who are groping in such awful darkness, even in our own Dominion. Thank God we will help them into His light. Some are even now finding it. Two young girls, who came recently stronger to this city, with no where to go, have been directed to us; and we got one a situation, and the other is waiting for one. When they might have gone to be hard to say if they had not come to us. Then some who have gone down, but have been rescued and saved, are learning the sweet lesson of trust. One dear girl, on her sick-bed, who had held out against the Lord, got in, and received His peace, and is now doing well in a situation; and

### Walked Miles

on a recent Sunday to get home to see us all. Another dear girl who was seeking a situation, came home singing,

"Indeed, the Lord was good to me."

I was praying all the way along the street that He would get me a situation, and He did. And, oh, I'm so thankful! We often feel as the poet did when he wrote those beautiful words:

Oh, blessed Christ, thy love does dwell,  
For some are sick, and some are well;  
And some have never loved thee well,  
And some have loved thee but they had.

And some are tired of the world,  
Yet from the world they love thee not; and  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
But have not found a friend in them.  
Oh, may His love be sent down to them  
To find a friend in Jesus.

"We used to think that decent upright decent, and that write grievances which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless!"—Isaiah 1, 2.

## DRINK AND WORK.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; then drink and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two or three kids as over the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink a lot to make us work. These two kids I have laid in drink-anders' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might have been an independent gentleman, but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, I am obliged to work now. At seventy-two years of age it makes me work for my daily bread. Drink! I drink! and it will make you work."—Good Cheer.



## EASTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

## Victory Again!

## The Chariot Wheels a' Rumbling!

## Fortune, Md.

The past week has been a week of victory. *Victory* has been sought and found. We have had about forty out for the *Minister of a clean heart*. Soldiers and Christians have all been seeking for more of God and His Holy Spirit. God is also working among the children.

On Saturday night, when the invitation was given, our little band got down and crawled out into the seats to the post-front. God bless him. May God keep us true.—Lieutenant G. COOPER.

## Eastern Notes and News.

Design Bradley has arrived at Chatham, and taken hold of things very well. In spite of all doubts which are very much, the crowds are good, and the interest and conviction is very visible.

At New Glasgow District, things are running nicely. North Sydney is doing wonderfully well. Captain Allen has had a tough fight here. Her hall was burned down, the lot her drive and flag, and had to face the open air in bad weather for a time. But with plenty of work, and faith, God has rewarded her, and given her a barracks, and in blessing her efforts with souls. Stettin is doing especially well, and things are booming along at an increased speed.

Design Gage, of Yarmouth District, has had sixteen souls in one week at Yarmouth camp. He has also had several for the blessing lately, and there is a good sign of a revival. Captain Gage writes to say he is having crowded meetings, souls are being saved every week, children's meetings are going ahead, and are very interesting, and that he has several recruits ready to be enrolled.

Kinsley Watson, of the Province of P.E.I., has just been down with the *crisis*, but is better now, and reports victory in Charlottetown's souls are being saved every week.

Design Desbary has taken charge of Moncton in faith, and with her assistant, Captain Johnson, is determined to push the war in the town, and also in the several corps of the District.

St. Stephen District. Design Hughes reports that they have had eight souls in the District for the week, and there is prospect of abundance of rain.

Design Creighton is still resting, but is leaving his eye on his District.

ANAPOLIS DISTRICT. Design Andrews reports victory, and is planning special meetings at several of the corps.

Adjutant Manton is visiting the city corps. He arrived here on Thursday morning—over a week ago—after a great deal of pitching and tossing on the Day of Fanny.

The first corps Adjutant Manton and Captain Watson visited in this city, was St. John III. They had a good spiritual meeting on Thursday night, and shared the *Light of the Friday*. It was very friendly and cordial, and many people to be seen on the street; nevertheless, we had a very fair crowd to see the views.

St. John I. was the place for the next meeting. Captain Penney had spared no pains to make it a success. Saturday night we had a fair turnout. Adjutant demented with joy, and told of God's wonderful goodness to him, and His power to save others. On Sunday, we were looking forward to a tremendous turnout. The business meeting was a time of spiritual warfare. In the afternoon and night the weather was terribly bad, which interfered with our crowds. We stuck at the fight, and fought out the battle. Captain Watson rode in the afternoon. The testimonies were free and definite, and after the night meeting, we had a splendid prayer meeting.

Tuesday night, the Adjutant and Captain took the meeting at No. V. They had a very lively time, and on Wednesday night the views were shown to a crowd of between three and three hundred people.

The Adjutant, assisted by Captain Watson and Captain Ryan, went to No. II. for Thursday. They had a lively meeting, and had a good word all round.

We had an officers' meeting on Thursday morning, and about fourteen officers were present. The Adjutant was with us, and with some of the problems of the war, and a deeply spiritual time was enjoyed.

I visited Sussex on Tuesday night, for the banquet. When I arrived, I found the tables spread with good things which had been kindly provided by the people of Sussex. A good crowd packed of these, and were satisfied. Messrs and Mrs. Creighton were to the front.

Personally, I visited St. John II., a few days ago, although the weather was terribly rough, yet we had a good time, and enrolled two soldiers.

On Thursday night I visited St. John III. We had a good turn out in the open air. We had an awful exhibition of drunkenness outside our ring. Two or three young men were in a most frightful state of intoxication, which I call temporary insanity. We warned the crowd who laughed at them, and then, upon the devil, to see from the wrath to come; after which Captain Dodge gave out the announcements, and we marched to the barracks. Inside, everything was all on fire. Testimonies were freely given, and others were being sung. At the close of the meeting, we had the joy of seeing our *order* come out for admission, and the men and tented to receiving the same. H. BOWSER, Staff Captain.

## New Glasgow District.

Designs and I have just been taking a trip around our District. First, we visited the most distant corps, Stettin, where Captain Morley and Lieutenant Wilson are in charge, and found a real improvement since our last visit. Captain Allen and Lieutenant Bragg were with us here for one meeting; had good things, good attention, and also good order. Stettin is a small corps, and in consideration a hard spot, but there is a better day coming on.

After two nights' stay, we came to Moncton District, accompanied by Captain Morley and Lieutenant Wilson. We found Captain Allen and Lieutenant Bragg in good spirits, and expecting grand times. The first night we had a fine march, numbering thirty-two. When we got to the barracks, it was filled with a very attentive audience.

The Friday night meeting was even better than the Thursday one. A number stayed to the prayer meeting; deeply convicted. Although we pleaded carnality, we could not get them to do more than promise to get saved soon.

WENTWORTH is still moving on. The Sergeant-Major's infant daughter, Elizabeth, was dedicated to God and the Army, at our visit. Captain and Mrs. Bowring are having victory, and looking forward to greater things.

PETER has a Captain now—Captain Briggs. We had a good audience, and one or two were made to feel their need of a Saviour.

At STALLANRATH, they are having grand times. Quite a number saved, and barracks packed out.

NEW GLASGOW is the place of our abode, and while we are staying about, Captain Dyer keeps our craft on his covers. We are having a visit from Staff-Captain Bennett, Saturday, Sunday and Monday; also three of our leaders, forward for the *Traveller's Guide*, so, we are looking forward to a big time. —A. S. H.

The death-angel has again visited our midst, this time claiming a little babe, the infant son of commander, Bandmaster Barrett (formerly of English H.L.S.) and wife. Their friends throughout Canada, I feel sure, will sympathize with them in this sore affliction. —W. S. HUNTER, Esq.

## Channel, Nfld.

We are marching on to victory, proving daily that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God. Soldiers and converts are getting more of the Spirit of Jesus. Many sinners are feeling the great need of salvation. Two more have sought and obtained pardon since last report.—Captain J. H. BERRY.

## Prince Edward Island District.

We have had a succession of severe storms on the Island; the worst since our first forty or fifty years, which have greatly affected our meetings; but, in spite of all, souls have

been saved. Praise God. We shall have an enrolment in a week or so.

## Sudden Death.

Captain Faxon asked a man in the market to buy a WAR CRY. During the conversation, the man told the Captain he had the "mark of the beast" on him. The Captain, however, felt himself to tell him if he was saved, saying: "There are but two classes of people in the world, the saved and the unsaved; to which class do you belong this morning?" The man replied: "I'm saved, but you're not." The Captain turned away to call his men, when in a minute the man fell down, and died immediately. It was a sudden fall, for he was in good health. Sinners, beware. Time is short. Prepare to meet God.

We visited an old lady, ninety years of age, the other day, who had listened to the Gospel all her life, and is still unconverted. Oh, how we ought to awaken sinners while they are young, lest the heart become as hard as iron.

When a Prince Edward Island soldier goes away from home, they occasionally send their written experience to be read in soldiers' meetings. It is a good thing helping to keep the absent ones unforgotten at the Throne.

Captain and Mrs. Hear, of Summersville, are rejoicing over the arrival of a new daughter, daughter, Mother and daughter are doing well so far. God bless them both.

Lieutenant Perry is fighting hard at Georgetown. I found him down sick with a grippe on my last visit, but he is better now. —EDWARD WATSON.

## East Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

## A QUIET MAN GETS THE GLORY IN HIS FEET.

## Poor Sinners Seeking Jesus.

## "EMMANUEL!" THE MOTTO.

## Pembroke.

The devil is mad, and we are glad. Good meetings and marches this week; lead to fruit every time. Our soul is in the fountain. We believe for more, as they are in the pickle, and can't sleep much longer. Converts are coming along well. We give God the glory. —BOB GAVIN; Captain CHERTON.

## Montreal II.

The past week has been a good one. Design McLean and wife had a royal welcome on Wednesday, assisted by Staff-Captain Morris, Adjutant Rieux, Captain Fox, and four other officers of the French War, also No. I. corps and band leader. A real blood-and-fire meeting, with three previous ones in the fountain. Many more to follow; look out, they are coming, I believe.—Captain T. L. HOLMAN.

## Three Notable Characters.

PETH.—After three months of real fighting and victory at Petersburg, orders came to forward, and move on and supply at Perth. After four hours on the train, I arrived here. Things looked pretty black for a few days, but prayer and faith will bring the victory. God has been reviving us. Talk about the Flying Squadron, you should step into our barracks some night if you want to see some dancing. There is Brother C. Moore that has been saved from a life of drunkenness and dissipation, and that there there many Brother Trinks; at last the glory has reached his feet; I will not say what he does. Then there is Brother Stokes, who has been in jail thirteen times, and all through drink, but through reading the WAR CRY was led to believe there was still hope for him, and for seven years has proved God able to keep. There are others that God has done a lot for. They are all happy, and no wonder, for in three weeks some twenty-one have come out. Yours in the battlefield.—Captain JOHNIE BOWLINGHAM.

## Millbrook.

We are still marching on to conquer. Yesterday was a day of victory. God crowds all day. One gentleman, who had not been in an Army meeting for over four years, was there last night, and stayed till almost the dawn; and when there were several in the barracks before, were there also. Best of all, two precious souls sought forgiveness, and went away rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God.—LESLIE M. LINDRAW.

## Belleville.

We have received abundant evidence of Divine favor in the salvation of the sinner, backsliders restored, and lukewarm professors turned into whole-hearted preachers. Captain Norman arrived on Saturday night, 3rd inst, and took hold with us in proper Salvation Army style. Good meeting on Sunday, the 4th, but saw no results. Whilst visiting with the Captain on the following Wednesday, one poor sinner found the Saviour in her own heart. Thursday night, a heart-broken backslider flung himself at the post-front and cried for forgiveness.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a glorious day. We had a real heart-marching time at the hellish meeting; and in the afternoon, after we had old-fashioned, solemn free-congregations, we had the joy of seeing five (5) souls crying

for mercy. On visiting them to-day, we found them rejoicing in the knowledge of their sins forgiven. In the night meeting, we finished up with one backslider in the fountain. WAR CRY sold out, and if this goes on, and I believe it will, why we shall have to again increase our order.—Lieutenant PUGH for Design BLACKBURN.

## Windear, Ontario.

We have had a good week. The Design has been away on his wedding trip this week, so the Lieutenant has been holding on alone. Yesterday we had a grand time all day. Knife-drill small, but good; holiness meeting, done. In the afternoon, we had a good crowd of soldiers in the open air, and a full barracks inside. The meeting went with a swing. One Presbyterian brother from Detroit jumped and shouted, and the spirit of liberty was present. Lois looked as if they envied our happiness, but none would yield. At night the Lieutenant said farewell to the people of Windear, and our good friends, and volunteered for forgiveness. He said he had been miserable since he left God. Lord, make a lot more so.—Lieutenant LOOKS.

"They build up Zion with blood and Jerusalem with iniquity. They have thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us."—Micah iii. 10, 11.

## WHY?

Why do so many who profess to love Jesus Christ, keep quite a gap between themselves and the degraded among their fellow-men? Is it not from a sort of feeling that the poor creatures are, in some way unclean? And yet does not the making and keeping of that gap reveal uncleanness in the heart of the exalted one?—an uncleanness more disgusting in the eyes of God and to angels than that from which "social" sinners shrink!

Unclean! Yes, that is what you are, as sure as you are unwilling to mix yourself up with any of the poor creatures in need around you—unclean in your heart!

There must be some pride, some selfishness, some fear, some doubt, which defiles you and makes your walk so utterly in contrast with the walk of the blessed Saviour who was reproached for being the continual associate of harlots.

My comrades, get clean!—Commissioner Reddon.

## The Horrors of the Traffic.

The horrors and degradation produced by the liquor traffic are not to be measured by any ordinary calculation of its first cost, nor are its depredations to be judged only by its effects on the business community. Its awful results are more injurious as a social and moral calamity of the people; and when conscience is blunted the anchor of our civilization is gone.

No legislature can bargain away the health or public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants.



BRIGADE-CAPTAIN and MRS. FREEMAN.

An account of whom marriage appeared in a recent issue.

## The Mitrailleuse

The man who labors under a delusion ought to strike against long hours.

There are seven hundred soldiers in the Arctic Division.

Midnight open-air are a success in Jacksonville, U. S. A.

When to change the conversation—when they talk scandal.

The Light Brigade—Grace-before-meet—Scheme has now been started in Australia.

It was not, and never will be, the intention to make the Wards into Bible classes.

New Zealand's Self-Denial contribution is £300 in excess of the previous year.

A shilling a week will keep a jungle officer in India.

Four Chinamen are accepted as Cadets at Calcutta.

There are 300 lynchings per year in the United States—with a few negro burnings thrown in.

"I may be a heathen and grind the faces of the poor, but a Christian I cannot be."—C. H. SPURGEON.

Even excluding those in the city, there are now no fewer than 14,166 places for the sale of intoxicating liquor in London.

Ames I—Lord Templeton has written a letter to the Times, advocating the institution of temperance in all State aided schools.

The Catholic priest of Hanford takes a War Cry every week, frequently paying fifty cents for it.

In Wapping, there is a street of 214 houses, of which 36 are used for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Nothing is older than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business.

We continue to receive from America and elsewhere, letters from Jews and others anxious to help in the opening of Japan.

If our Lord had always travelled about in His palanquin, one poor woman, who was healed by touching the hem of His garment, might have perished.

Over 65,000 people spent last Christmas in the workhouses of London, and another 39,000 would have been added to that awful number if outdoor relief had not been given.

A young man recently got saved at the San Francisco City Prison during an Army jail meeting. He knelt right on the prison floor, gave himself to Jesus, and then testified to it.

Eight hundred of the world's fourteen hundred millions are still without the Gospel invitation.

All the ministers, all the editors, all the police, and many of the publicans and sinners of Birmingham (N.Y.) appear to be

ready contributors to our free meal activities there.

The heathen Chinese have just invented a new kind of punishment for cases of incontinence. For the first offence, the thief is branded on the right cheek with the Chinese sign of thief, and for the second offence on the left cheek.

Three gentlemen of Waterbury (Conn.) are financing the Army's opening of a large woodshed for the employment of penitents out-of-work. This is only a short run from New York, and promises to be a conspicuous success.

It cured him that given and him that taken. An American officer, unaware of the nature of alcohol, attempted to dampen the lancers' fire with a pint bottle that a penitent had given up. The alcohol flashed up like powder, and the officer was terribly burned.

The devil recently got a drunken man to dance to the music of the Army soldiers in an Arizona open-air meeting. But he found he had overdone his mark when the drunkard followed from the mission to the lancers, and got gloriously saved.

A straw to show which way the wind blows—Mrs. McFee was relieved of a heavy basket while walking along the street, by a little newsboy who carried it to the ferry for her, and then on bidding her good bye, presented her with a daily paper.

"My G—! there's more than ever. I don't believe there's a chip or a stone in Marshalltown but what there's Salvationists under," muttered the City Marshal, when, after arresting the procession, he, as he thought, looking up all the corps, he found a crowded meeting in full swing at the barracks. Local Christians had come in full force to protest against interference with our open-air operations.

AN OFFICER SAYS US—Captain Hoyer, a Norwegian says, "I have often thought, when I saw English steamers in foreign ports, loading and discharging without the least regard for the Sabbath, that every now and then, in such manner, are stealing from the Lord. He will make them pay back by letting their steamers lie idle for days and weeks and months."

Just outside the window of the San Francisco Editorial room, where the Captain stopped a few minutes for an open-air, the hall-keeper ex-policeman stepped into the ring, and told the boys he wasn't out to break their heads with a club, but that it was now his business to tell them of a Saviour Who could break their hearts with love.

In an Australian farmer, when asked to contribute to Self-Denial, replied that he could not do so, being impoverished by a dog (with dog) having killed several of his sheep; if he could but kill the same animal, he would give the value of its scalp to the Army. In a very few days his enemy was delivered into his hand, and its scalp was sold for £2 17s., which was forthwith handed over to the Army. The death of the dog was more profitable still to the sheep-owner.

The chameleon craze has reached Montreal, which has just received 10,000 of these interesting little animals. They each have a chain around their neck, which is closely attached to the breast-pin, worn by the devotee to this latest of the foolish fashions. The novelty consists in the fact that the lively little creatures change color several times daily. The humane societies of several American cities have succeeded in prohibiting their sale, and the Montreal officials are considering similar action.

Reader! the uncertainty of life may shortly be brought home to you in the most tragic manner for aught you know. Therefore, be wise, and make immediate preparation for eternity. Please read the following serial of many gathered into the unseen world at short notice: "The fatal accident occurring in industrial pursuits in Great Britain during December, 1893, as reported, were as follows: In factories and workshops, fifty-six; in mines, seventy-two; and on railroads, thirty-three. The number of deaths from wrecks, casualty, or accident reported as having occurred at sea in December, was in the aggregate, 997, or 222 more than in the previous month. Accidents not resulting in death, numbered 752 in factories and workshops, 335 in mines, and 227 on railways."

A Birmingham firm manufactures golden crowns for its customers, among them several hundred African kings. These earthly crowns will pass away, but not so with those golden crowns of glory laid up in heaven for those faithful warriors of Christ, who endure to the end.

Major-General Herbert, commander of the Canadian militia, has issued strict new rules for the volunteers, one of which provides, that in future, singing of companies will not be carried on. Companies are to be fined roughly from fanks to centre, but as cohesion within the section is of more importance than accurate singing, brothers, relations, or "chums," are to be placed in the same section without reference to size, on the principle that relatives or friends can fight more desperately together in each other's ranks when "shoulder to shoulder," than when mixed promiscuously with strangers, or mere acquaintances.

## NOT BEEN? WHY, BLESS YOU, I AM SURPRISED!

It's every Friday evening in March, Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street.

## A Little About Everybody.

Colonel Barker visited the Bristol Prison.

Major Schuch is going to the south of Germany for two months.

Colonel Swenson leads the Norwegian sixth anniversary services.

Commander Riddington Boats has now taken to using a cabinet organette for the accompaniment of his solos.

For the benefit of Anglo-Argentines, Major Gibbons is starting a twenty-four-page quarterly at Buenos Ayres.

The West Australian Premier, Sir John Forrest, has promised Staff-Captain Hunter, D.O., a license to marry.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth says, "Some people think that good devils should simply be forced them to look at or talk over. No such thing!"

The Chief of the Staff has conducted an All-right of Prayer at Brighton, held a meeting with the International Headquarters Band, and visited the Farm Colony.

Commissioner Howard is engaged planning the details of the first great Provincial Cities Campaign.

Major Condy's revival in the village of Hux, is reported to be very remarkable. The number and character of the conversions have tended to raise the whole spiritual tone of the district in which he is laboring.

"Annie Morton," of Green Valley, is still all there, and recently came out with the astounding declaration that her immortal, dry soul was on the road to heaven.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker was to have for the North of Europe, and will march Colonel Taylor, Colonel Gordon, and Commander Ouchterlony to their new command.

The General arrived from his soldier and officers' Councils, after visiting Hel, Leds, Middleburgh, Sunderland and Newcastle.

A French General named Millien, the dozen of the army, died recently at the age of ninety-five. He had been a total abstainer from intoxicating liquor all his life, and, to the last, was strong and vigorous.

At Creix, in France, near the Belgian border, the President has forbidden all the activities of the Armenes du Saint. French will take the chair at one of our meetings some day.

A captain, lately transferred from India to Australia, says: "One day I called on Lord Pasha, the Egyptian exile; had a pleasant chat, and prayed in his bungalow before leaving."

In this a telegraphic coincidence? "Held on" was chosen in England by Commissioner Rabbetman for the title of her Christmas War Cry article at, or about, the same time as her sister, Colonel Rabbet, chose the same words for the motto for 1894.

Our first Ethel officer has just graduated at the Reims, France, General's school, and he was a fellow-Cadet of Yand, who had been the means of his conversion. This Yand is an African, one of a family of ex-slaves, three of whom are now Salvation Army officers.

What are we coming to? The Mayor and Mayor of St. Louis held a banquet at the Congressional club, in honor of the visit to their city of Major and Mrs. French. Auxiliaries were made of many of the one hundred guests. That's satisfactory.

Captain Kenna last visits every house in the village of Reims every day, and goes in each house. If the inmates of any house happen to be out, and the door shut, he leans in front of the door and prays that God may bless and save them wherever they may be. Some have learned to pray with him. At one house all have gone.

"Faithful over few, made ruler over many." Major Coombs directs the Army's military operations in the States of Ohio, Illinois, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. At one of his first American Captains, after leading meetings late at night, he would be up at six a.m. to crop fire-wood, or do other odd jobs to help finance his poor corps.

For testimony and a prophecy of Salvation Army work in future days, we commend to our readers a few words spoken by Major Perry to Miss G. A. Davis, of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*: "We may be Utopian," said the Major, "but we look for the day when we can give to every man the shelter and food, and to every woman the protection she deserves."—*New York War Cry*.

Thus writes Major Foster French: "The War Cry selling upon the business streets and from door to door was one of the greatest soul luxuries I ever had; it did me good in my soul, helped me to make many friends, and enabled me to speak to scores about their souls whom I never would have gotten at in any other way. It's a sure cure for spiritual blindness and damp."—

The late C. H. Spurgeon wrote: "Political economy gives the workman what it wants, but Christianity commands that we give him what we should. 'Monsters, give more, you advocate that which is just and equal,' is a plain command of the Christian's law-book, and at the peril of being unknown by the Lord of last, may the master give his servant less."

# YOU



— WILL BE CHARMED WITH —

## The Easter Cry and Supplement

# Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

## England.

BY GEORGE LOGAN.

TYPE—*Ye lands and brook.* ("E.J.," No. 56.)

1 Ye soldiers dressed in red and blue,  
Who seek the rescue one and a,  
When each comes to discourage you,  
Don't be down-hearted, feet own!

CHORUS.

Don't be down-hearted,  
Don't be down-hearted,  
Cheer up, and gain the victory!  
(Repeat.)

Yer Saviour, when He was below,  
For many a time His heart was sore,  
And crushed w' cruel grief, but, oh,  
That only made Him fight the more!

There's no a house flower that blooms  
But has its day o' wind and rain,  
And afterwards new life resumes,  
So joy eye follows after pain.

## United States.

BY EDGAR GEORGE WOOD.

TYPE—*Ellis Rock.*

2 Dear Lord, I long just now to have,  
Burning within my breast,  
The old time fire that once I had,  
Giving me perfect rest.

OLD CHORUS.

Oh, come and lead me to the fount  
Of Jesus' precious blood,  
That I may there be filled with all  
The fullness of my God!

Oh, how my soul desires to be  
One Thou canst trust down here  
To take Thy message to the world,  
And speak out without fear!

Just now, dear Saviour, me baptize  
With Pentecostal power;  
And let me feel within my soul  
Thy presence every hour.

## Australia.

BY M. E. SHERR.

TYPE—*Though I've wandered far from Jesus.*

3 Blessed Jesus, He has saved me,  
Set my spirit free;  
Though my soul by sin was fettered,  
Now I've liberty.

CHORUS.

Now that Christ the Lord hath saved me,  
His I'll ever be;  
Now that Jesus the Lord hath saved me,  
His I'll ever be.

Long I felt my sin a burden,  
Long I sought for peace;  
When I came in faith to Jesus,  
He gave sweet release.

I am firmly trusting Jesus,  
Trusting every day;  
He will keep me, lead me, guide me,  
On the heavenly way.

## India.

BY NUSMAL BHAI, CAPTAIN.

TYPE—*Jog, jog, jog.*

4 Fight, fight, fight,  
For the devil still is living,  
Fight, fight, fight,  
In the ranks of the great S. A.;  
We will fight for the right,  
And drive the horns of hell,  
As we pray every day,  
See our numbers how they swell.  
With a love for the lost by sin engrossed,  
We will march away the trumpet sound,  
And bring the message to Calvary's cross,  
For Christ to set them free.

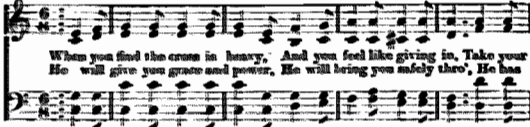
Pray, pray, pray,  
The victory comes by praying;  
Pray, pray, pray,  
For the prayer of faith prevails.  
I declare, for a prayer,  
Prophet Daniel was entreated;  
But his faith kept him safe,  
And the lion not even snarled.  
The' shut up with them in a dismal den,  
His faith was in One far greater than men;  
He kept his trust in God, and then  
His prayer brought victory.

## Trust the Lord.

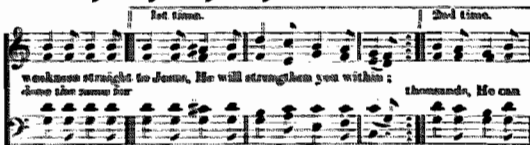
Words by RAND SHERID, F. TRAVELLER.

Allegretto, mf.

Music by STAFF-CAPT. FRY.



When you find the cross in heavy, And you feel like giving in, Take your  
He will give you grace and power, He will bring you safely thro', He has



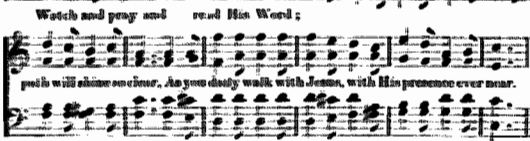
weakness straight to Jesus, He will strengthen you within;  
do the same for thousands, He can



do the same for you. Trust the Lord, trust the Lord, Watch and  
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord;



pray, read His Word; Then the sunshine of His presence on your



path will shine on clear, As you daily walk with Jesus, with His presence ever near.

Though your feet may scuff and jumble as you tread the narrow way,  
Do their best to misinterpret all the kindly words you say;  
As you daily strive to lead them from the paths of sin and shame,  
Pointing them to Calvary's Victim, to the Lamb for sinners slain.

So you'll find that trusting Jesus makes your pathway, oh, so bright,  
Drives away all doubtful feelings, turns the darkness into light;  
Maken you bubble o'er with glory, so that others catch the fire,  
Ever glad to do His bidding, of His service ne'er to tire.

## San Francisco.

BY J. CANTON.

TYPE—*We'll stand the storm.* ("E.J.," No. 55.)

6 The Lord has perfected all our sin,  
And called us forth to war;  
And in the strength of Christ, our King,  
Of victory we're sure.

CHORUS.

We'll fight 'gainst sin,  
And we'll never give in;  
We'll have victory through the Blood!  
To the last we will tell  
Of salvation from hell,  
And bring them back to God.

Once we were far away from God,  
And bound by Satan's chain;  
But now we're washed in Jesus' blood,  
And cleansed from every stain.

Though oft the devil tempts us on,  
To give up in the fight,  
Yet still we glory in the War,  
It is our soul's delight.

Then when our fighting here is o'er,  
The warrior's crown shall show;  
We'll meet on the eternal shore,  
And wear the victor's crown.

## New Zealand.

BY "MORRIS."

TYPE—*Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.*

5 So weak and so helpless, I come, Lord to  
Then,  
I'm coming for power, Lord; now give it to  
me!

I need Thee to guide me through each trying  
hour;  
I'm coming to Thee to be filled with Thy  
power.

CHORUS.  
Fill me with power, Lord; fill me with power;  
Thy love to proclaim, Lord, oh, fill me with  
power!

Ah, I can't go; all attempts would prove  
vain;  
Then hast helped in the past—I am coming  
again!

Thy grace is sufficient, though dangers be  
near;  
I'll trust in Thy word, and go without fear.

Dear Saviour, a love like Thine own now I  
 crave,  
That I with Thy power may go forth souls to  
 save.  
Myself am bringing; my all, nothing less;  
I want, Lord, to live only others to bless.

## ITEMS.

F. M. K.

Ornithologists estimate that 8,000,000 birds are annually sacrificed to the vanity of American women. If birds only had intelligence to know the Salvation Army doctrines, how they would chirp around our homes in swarms.

Charles Ridaback, who went to the Pacific Coast in 1838, as a sailor, and there married the daughter of a Mexican rancher, from whom he received the ground on which the city of San Francisco now stands, was admitted to the poorhouse in that city not long ago:

Your gold will waste and wear away,  
Your houses perish in a day;  
My portion, never can I do—Christ for me.

A woman was arraigned before the Chicago Police Court for trying to commit suicide. She said, between her sobs, that her husband had been out of work and she could not bear to see her children starve. She was discharged.

A diamond has been found larger than the Kohinoor, and is called "Excalibur." It was found in the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony, by Captain Jorgensen, inspector of the mine. It is a stone of the purest water, and is worth about a million sterling. Exceptional precautions were taken to have it conveyed from the mine to the coast. A squadron of the 16th Lancashire guarded the carriage to Cape Town, from which it was brought to London in the gun-boat *Antelope*. It weighs about seven ounces Troy. It has a matchless lustre—white, with a very slight bluish tint. Also like so much of this world's treasure, in the heart of it is a black spot, which they hope to remove in the cutting. The pearl I possess, I would not exchange for the Kohinoor and Kohinoor together. Glory!

A ton of pure gold is worth \$902,789.21; \$1,000,000 gold coin weighs 3,685 4-5 pounds. A ton of silver is worth \$37,704.84; 7 oz. diamond is worth \$1,000,000.60.

Strange, isn't it? Our Father made the above things as easily as the rest of the globe. When the world is on fire their value will be the same as rocks; yes, not so valuable to some, who will cry for the rocks to fall on them and shelter from the raging fury of an angry and then indignant God. Let us be ready, and while mercy is extended, enter in.

"Salvation Oil" is the name of a remedy for pains; twenty-five cents per bottle. What next?

Nothing but the salvation of God will ever cure the many heart pains of the world; free, without money or price. Glory to God!

It would require 12,000 cholera microbes to span one inch, and yet one is need for the scourge of a nation. You fear it, and rightly; but, oh, beware of that more awful little, little, small, small sin.

India has 50,000,000 Mohammedans and only 12,000 Salvationists.

The world's population is 1,400,000,000, and of this number 800,000,000 have not Christ preached to them. There is work for the Army somewhere.

Among the millions of Africa only 1,004,773 come under the appellation "Christian."

Rev. Dr. Talmage, after twenty-five years in one corps, resigns, this spring, for some other field.

A Methodist church, at Dubuque, has split, because on a Friday evening's service "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" was played.

"EASTER SYMBOLS,"

—BY—

The New Beacon Secretary in the  
Easter Special.

"Mind the Little Things,"

—AND—

COME TO THE  
Y. W. O. A. MEETING  
FRIDAY NIGHT.

